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A SCHOOL-BOARD CAPTURE.

The English Elementary Education Act contains several features which perhaps might be to advantage incorporated in our own school laws. Among other sensible provisions there is one, to be put in force at the discretion of the local school boards, for compelling the attendance at school of children not otherwise learning or working. The justice and wisdom of such legislation had been established by sound argument and sad practical experience, which proved that the community suffers a huge amount of mischief in every way from the idleness and ignorance, too readily seduced to positive crime, so frightfully prevailing among the poor, neglected youth of large towns. In London society has been obliged in self-defense to resolve on the application of a forcible treatment to remedy this growing evil, and the operations of the School Board of that city have already been extended to the apprehension of vagrant boys and their committal to the industrial schools.

The officer employed by the board in this service is an ex-policeman, well acquainted with the haunts and habits of juvenile vagrants. He knows exactly when and where to lay hold upon those most in need of attention. He has been accustomed now and then to seek them, with a police constable to aid him, at a very early hour of the morning, some time before daybreak, in those nooks and corners of the great city where they are apt to lie down and find the wretched shelter of the outcast—in railway arches or beside the abutment piers of bridges, or in the sheds of building-yards, or in the cellars of un-

A LONDON SCHOOL-BOARD CAPTURE.

finished houses, or wherever the homeless offspring of destitute poverty may stealthily creep.

The illustration on our first page this week shows such a capture at three o'clock in the morning. The abject figures, the tattered and dirty attire, the cowering attitudes—half terrified, half guilty—the faces prematurely sharpened by want, and probably also by wickedness, of these poor little fellows can not be overdrawn. They will certainly be much better off when delivered to the tender mercies of a judicious school-master than they have ever been while left to enjoy their fatal freedom,

When wild in *streets* the noble savage ran.

In Prussia this system has been in force for many years, and with the best results. In that country no person can grow up ignorant of the elementary branches of education, as every boy and girl is compelled to attend school a certain part of every year, and the consequence is that Prussia has no ignorant class of people within her borders. The whole nation is intelligent. The practical worth of this national characteristic was signally displayed during the late war with France, when an educated and intelligent people came into conflict with one not less brave but less educated and less intelligent as a nation, and defeated them as no nation was ever defeated before. It is worth while to inquire whether similar legislation could not be advantageously adopted in the several States of this Union.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1871.

Circulation 135,000 Copies.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from that date to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *In the varied and interesting Eight-page* SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found a powerful Political Cartoon, entitled*

THE MODERN LAOCOÖN,

illustrating the power of the Press in the crushing of the Tammany Ring; a page of humorous illustrations, selected from NAST'S *forthcoming* ALMANAC *for 1872; a splendid Historical Picture,*

Lady Jane Grey's Victory over Bishop Gardiner;

*the continuation of "*LORD KILGOBBIN*," illustrated; Stories, Poems, and other interesting reading matter.*

THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY.

MR. GREELEY has written an interesting paper in the *Galaxy* upon the "one-term principle," advocating the ineligibility of the President for re-election. It is a discussion which is of greater point, however, at the beginning than at the end of any particular Presidential term, because at the end the mischief suggested will have been done. The change proposed is one of the devices to avoid the dangers of political corruption, the argument being that a President who wishes to be renominated will devote his first term to securing a second, and will make appointments to office to serve his personal interests, and not the public welfare. But the *Nation*, in considering the subject, very properly remarks that the remedy of a "one-term principle" is inadequate to the evil. In truth, the difficulty is not the abuse of patronage, but patronage itself. If a President abuses his appointing power, it is in strict obedience to the established tradition, and to a very general and serious conviction, that the offices belong to the party. And even in the abuse a President never acts independently, but in concert with party leaders, and with a view to the unity of the party upon which he depends for re-election. And this is the chief evil—the theory that civil appointments to the inferior offices are to be made for the benefit of a party, and not for the public welfare.

If a President were ineligible for a second term, he would still use the patronage for the benefit of his party and of his own candidate for the succession. During his first term General JACKSON manipulated the public service for himself: during his second, for his friend VAN BUREN. The injury to the country by direct corruption and by demoralization is as great and baneful whether the patronage is used for the benefit of a party or for that of a party candidate. And the reason that the President would not be independent is not only his own party and personal preferences, but that Congress, which has practically usurped the executive prerogative of appointment, would defeat his administration if he did not yield to its will. If, therefore, the one-term principle is to be applied to the President, still more should it be applied to Congress. But even this extension of the proposition would not reach the difficulty. The remedy must be adapted to the disease: and the civil service reform, which Mr. GREELEY wisely extols in his article, and which the *Tribune* ably advocates, and upon the true ground, strikes at the very root of bitterness in our politics. "Abolish patronage altogether," says the *Tribune*; "give the place to the best man, and let him stay in it as long as he discharges the duties faithfully." And the Republican Conventions of New Jersey and Maryland, echoing those of Ohio and Wisconsin, declare that appointments to office should be determined by "fitness and character, and that removals should be made for cause only." This is better than a one-term principle. For what is the real difficulty?

A Presidential election is now a fierce contest for plunder. It is a struggle for the control of the three or four hundred millions of dollars which are to be yearly raised and spent. The objective point of the election, therefore, is the offices, through which this money is collected and disbursed; and it has become the popular creed that the successful party has "a right" to the offices. Thus party interest has taken the place of the public welfare as a political motive; and the civil service being regarded as the spoils of victory, it is logically held that those who have fought hardest shall be most richly rewarded. So fixed is this feeling that to advocate the reform of a system at once so fatal to private honesty and to the public welfare—a system which is intrinsically inconsistent with the progress and permanence of popular government—is derided as disloyalty to party, or mere theoretical folly. It is not believed possible to organize a party or to act effectively as partisans without the prospect of plunder. In mere military armies, indeed, pillage is now forbidden, and to attempt to stimulate the fidelity or activity of an officer or soldier by promising him "booty and beauty" is to insult him grossly. But in the political army we know generals of division and field-marshals who gravely assert that faithful and efficient service is not to be expected without the promise of illimitable loot.

The plain peril of the country, then, being the ferocity of party spirit, and that ferocity being excited by the hope and prospect of patronage, which is the decorous name for plunder, it is very evident what the remedy must be. It is the destruction of patronage. Destroy that, and the motive for the justly alarming fury of every Presidential election is removed; and with the removal comes greater economy and honesty in the public service. If the honorable member from the pot-house declares that patronage can't be abolished, he may be reminded that the youngest men in this country heard exactly the same remark from the same quarter, and from much higher quarters, in regard to slavery. But we see what we see. Many political evils are great, but none are yet proved to be insuperable. What is practicable and economical and reasonable in other countries, as they advance toward our fundamental principles, is not visionary or foolish here. Indeed, the most ridiculous of all figures is an American citizen who professes to believe our own political system superior to all others, and who holds it to be an integral part of that system that an election shall be a desperate fight for plunder.

An election is properly a decision by the people that a certain political policy, under officers necessary to its enforcement, shall prevail. It is not a decision that honest and efficient porters and clerks and watchmen and book-keepers shall lose their places. Now this is a difficulty which is not remedied by electing a President for one term only. In that case, indeed, he will not remove those officers in the hope of securing his own re-election, but he will remove them to propitiate party leaders, and in obedience to presumed party exigencies, and to secure support for his measures in Congress. With a one-term principle the civil service would still be a system of political barter. The present theory of administration would be unchanged. On the other hand, when the system is reformed, Congress will resume its legitimate function of legislation, and the occupation of the President will not be the attempted settlement of endless quarrels between the ins and outs, but the prompt and economical administration of the government by officers appointed for their character and capacity. And such a President certainly ought not to be made ineligible. If the present civil service system is to continue forever, the one-term principle would not even touch the difficulty which it seeks to remove. But the Republican Conventions and the *Tribune* have touched it in proposing the abolition of patronage.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY IN NEW YORK.

THE contest in the city of New York between public virtue and official rascality, of which we spoke last week, still continues as we write, but with fair prospects of a good result. Indeed, it seems now as if we were to owe to the courage and skill of a single journal a vindication of the great principle of our popular system in the very place where the failure of that principle had been almost conceded. It was generally acknowledged that popular government in the city of New York was a failure, and the reason alleged was that intelligence and conscience could not contend with unscrupulous smartness and money; and certainly the facts seemed to justify the despair. That unscrupulous smartness and money had established in the city an imperial despotism as coarse and brutal as it was absolute. It contemptuously smoothed up the public parks for the people with the money it stole from them; and so utter was the popular subjugation that even intelligent men could be heard congratulating themselves that their masters permitted them to have clean paths and hyacinths about the City Hall. The despotism owned judges, commissions, and newspapers. The journals that boasted loudest of their independence wore the heaviest chains of the empire; and honest men despised the press because of the flippant venality of such papers. The silence which the imperial Ring could not buy it sought to impose by terror.

Some few papers, however, still withstood its hand: and that its evil power might be perfect, one of its members—the present Mayor—suggested last spring what was known as the Code Amendment, the consequence of which would have been that when he or his confederates were guilty of any peculiarly enormous offense the Ring courts would justify it; and if one of the hostile papers exposed it to public condemnation, the editor would be summarily held at the mercy of the judge. This last iniquity the Governor, although he was the creation of the Ring, declined to sanction, and he is understood to have been under suspicion from that moment. So hopeless was relief that there were those who began to excuse the monstrous and virtually irresponsible power by suggesting that the Ring government was not so bad after all. Possibly there had been some sharp practice, but who is perfect? Probably the Ring leaders, being now gorged with booty, would be willing to live cleanly. LAIS was, perhaps, tired of debauchery, and would marry and settle down an honest woman.

The situation of the city of New York six months ago was the most fatal argument against popular government, because it was the proof that all the worst vices and forms of a despotism were compatible with a popular system even in a new country, and with its enormous advantages. To-day that argument has apparently lost its force. "At precisely twelve o'clock," says the account of an old sea-fight, "a single shot from the admiral's ship began the battle." The New York *Times* published the story of INGERSOLL'S payments, exposure followed exposure, indignation kindled indignation. The whole city, the whole country, were roused, and in less than two months men of all parties had combined; the vulgar New York empire had its Sedan, like its vulgar French prototype: its newspaper organs were left mowing and gibbering. An honest man was in the Controller's office, and with a committee of citizens was scrutinizing the accounts. Those who had yielded to the tyranny were disgraced forever, and those who had steadily opposed it felt their faith in the intelligence and conscience of the people renewed and reassured.

There could be no more significant spectacle than the futile wriggling of the chiefs of the imperial conspiracy against the people. The Mayor was simply silly, and the Corporation Counsel, who airily remarked in a Tammany speech last year that the real force in every government was a Ring, advised the foolish Mayor that "expediency and sound policy" suggested that he should not try to save this particular Ring which the hand of the people was breaking. "Such," says the moralist, "are the vicissitudes of human destiny." Six months ago this Tammany Ring was a supreme tyranny, so firmly planted that it was supposed nothing short of civil war could overthrow it. It was even suggested by some zealous but short-sighted citizens that a vigilance committee should be appointed to root out the offenders, as the city of San Francisco was once cleared of public miscreants. But the appeal of a newspaper to the public honor and heroism has demonstrated that even in this city, exceptionally peopled, and in which party discipline is most inexorable, there is patriotism, courage, and skill enough to right enormous wrongs without civil tumult or appeal to force; thereby, as we now trust the issue will prove, vindicating the power of our popular system to deal successfully, lawfully, and peacefully with the most desperate civil tyranny and corruption. In the history of the press this will not be accounted the least of its great services.

OLD AND NEW ST. PAULS.

DURING the discussion before the nomination of Governor in Massachusetts there was a very general misunderstanding of the occasional reference to the former political sympathies of General BUTLER. "What if he was a Democrat before the war?" was the indignant exclamation. "Were not hundreds of the best Republicans formerly Democrats? Wasn't PAUL a full-grown man when he persecuted the Christians? Did not two-thirds of the later Free-soil party work zealously at an earlier day for CLAY or POLK, both of them slave-holders? Suppose that BUTLER was a Democrat, and denounced JOHN BROWN as a scoundrel, and tried to push his friends into the power of the slave lords, and wanted JEFFERSON DAVIS for President, did he not hang MUMFORD, and occupy Baltimore, and keep New York quiet at the election of '64? Let us give thanks that he and others like him were converted from error, and brought forth works meet for repentance."

This is all very well, but it is not to the point. It is no reproach to a saint that he was once a sinner. But the point to ascertain is his saintship. PAUL was certainly a good Christian, although he had persecuted the confessors; and, to mention no other of equally honored names, Mr. BRYANT is one of the most representative of Republicans, although he was formerly a Democrat. The difficulty with PAUL BUTLER, however, is too deep for the remonstrance to dispose of. It is simply a difficulty of character. He was a sinner by common consent. But is he a saint? If PAUL as a Jew had not been respected, PAUL as a Christian would never have been a saint. And if he is not reproached as a Jew, it is because he was strictly honest; and when he became a Christian, it was trust in his honesty which saved him from suspicion. But the Lowell and Essex PAUL was not respected before his conversion, and why should he be after? His vehemence and protestation and assertion are of no importance. What is wanted is character, not a gale of wind; and this the modern PAUL can not supply. In one word, General ST. PAUL BUTLER does not inspire confidence. Why, then, should we be told of his red-hot radicalism?

But if the earlier PAUL, having changed from a "desartless" Jew to a suspicious Christian, had attempted to carry an election by taunting the oldest and most courageous Christians with shrinking from martyrdom—if he had said, "When I came to throw you to the lions, and to bore your eyes with hot gimlets, you flinched like cowardly rascals," and if it were all a barefaced lie, would it have been unfair to remind the people not only that it was false, but that the man who said it *was* one of the chief persecutors, and had *not* become a saint by joining the winning side? For ourselves, when General BUTLER—whose respect for JOHN BROWN and the cause of the slave those may trust who will—slanders the courage of the most unfaltering of the original antislavery men, we shall not cease to remember, not only that at the time when he charges that they flinched he was a "grown man" trying to throttle the genius of liberty and to crush the conscience of his State, but that he was also a grown man whom honest men did not respect.

That is the difference between the ancient and the modern PAUL. When it is alleged that the latter voted for JEFFERSON DAVIS for President, the implication is that he would vote for him now if he thought it for his personal advantage. No Republican cares whether his fellow-Republican was a Whig or a Democrat if he only trusts his sincerity. But if he doubts that, he doubts his Republicanism. And nothing was more remarkable in the warm contest that preceded the Massachusetts Convention than the utter indifference to character which was betrayed by so many good men. Apparently if JEFFERSON DAVIS should only vehemently profess to be a radical, they would give glory to God for ST. PAUL number three, and vote for him for President as persistently as ST. PAUL number two voted for him at Charleston in 1860. Massachusetts BUTLER Republicans may study the consequences of confiding in "smart" and "knowing" and "dashing" men in politics in the career of the Tammany Ring in New York. We wonder if the Republicans who are so proud of General BUTLER'S radicalism ever heard of the generosity of Grimenius? Let them ponder the story:

"Grimenius was a lovely lad;
He gave away twice what he had;
The balance then divided he
Between the old town pump and me."

HAVE WE CATILINES AMONG US?

"IF you allow a single successful political or religious thief and swindler to go unpunished and shine before the people, his nefarious example will paralyze and counterbalance the work of ten thousand churches!" So says a German commenting upon the revelations in the Tammany Ring: and we remember what one of the most eloquent of orators said, recognizing the same truth, that he might denounce vice in the abstract forever without effect, but if he remarked that when he said moral meanness and cowardice, he meant the Honorable Peter Quince, his words made the most salutary impression upon young men. There are plenty of men who say of certain notorious persons, "Oh no; he isn't very honest, but he is awful smart;" and the manner and tone of the remark show plainly enough that admiration of the smartness is a much deeper feeling than censure of the dishonesty.

But every real rascal is smart. There can be no great and successful knave without ability. A man can not even be a murderer without some bravery. And if smartness is to condone rascality in our estimates of men, we shall, of course, be glad to see our children scoundrels. If a skillful pickpocket should live in a splendid style, drive a flashing equipage, hire bands of music, and blaze at a watering-place with vulgar ostentation, should we all smile, and swear that he carried himself jauntily, and that if he were not very honest, yet he did empty his neighbors' pockets with irresistible impudence? But that is what we do, whether we suppose that we would do so or not. There are many young men who would be perfectly willing to pick pockets if they could enrich themselves so enormously. They would not, indeed, care to make the same show in living; but their willingness to commit the crimes that give the means of such living comes from the good-humored, contemptuous toleration of the offenders.

There was a judge in New York who was justly of the worst reputation. Of course he pushed for recognition whenever he could; and one day a gentleman saw him at a public table with a distinguished lawyer. The judge sent his wine to the distinguished lawyer, who filled his glass, bowed, and before the whole company drank the health of the unjust judge. The gentleman afterward asked the lawyer if he was socially intimate with the judge. "Sir," replied the lawyer, indignantly, "I wouldn't have him in my house." "Why, then, do you drink his wine at a public table?" "Ah!" replied the lawyer, shrugging his shoulders, "we don't know what may happen, and we'd better be on good terms with the bench." Now as the lawyer's son saw that a man lost no social recognition by being a scoundrel, he would certainly be strongly tempted not to think ill of scoundrelism. There are men socially branded through life for attempting to cheat at cards. But there are others who constantly cheat in stocks who are socially recognized. Why do gentlemen permit themselves to be associated with knaves in the one case whom they condemn in the other? Is it upon the theory that to steal ten dollars is contemptible, but to swindle millions is imposing and admirable?

There are men whom we could all name who are notoriously dishonest. There may be a great deal of circumlocution in saying it, but that is the substance of the matter when said. For their own purposes these men, engaging in great enterprises, associate honest and reputable men with them as blinds and decoys, trusting that the sure profit of the operation will bribe the honest men to acquiescence. How many honest and reputable men we could all name who are taken in this open trap! And when they step into it they betray youth and ruin character. When business men suffer their names to be associated as directors with noted rascals, whatever their position and however concealed the rascality—or when lawyers consort socially with shysters and dishonest professional brethren, however rich or clever or conspicuous those brethren may be, they all conspire against society as CATILINE conspired against Rome, but unwittingly. They are the corruptors of youth; and their example, as the German observer truly says, counterbalances the teachings of ten thousand churches.

GIN.

WE believe that the "Anti-dram-shop Party," as it prefers to be called, polled last year in this State less than two thousand votes. Of course that number does not include all who are in favor of temperance legislation, even to the point of prohibition. The small actual vote was due to want of proper organization, and to the general feeling that, great as are the unhappiness and loss produced by intemperance, it is impossible, in the present state of feeling in the country, to rally a great party upon that sole issue. The aggregate temperance vote of this State is estimated, by those familiar with the subject, at not less than two hundred thousand; and that no more imposing political organization is made by them seems to show their unwillingness to abandon their present party allegiance for the doubtful chance of separate action. Of course that is a risk which must often be taken. We are only now saying that facts show the time for the temperance secession not to have arrived.

Meanwhile the question of prohibition is one of expediency merely. The substantial point is conceded when it is universally agreed that licensing is desirable and proper. The Massachusetts Democratic Convention recently resolved that it regarded the prohibitory law as "an odious interference with personal liberty." But why is the sale of liquor restrained by license? Because society has a right to protect itself to any degree from the unnecessary burdens which it thinks would be laid upon it by the free sale of intoxicating liquor. If, then, it should choose to relieve itself of the burden still further, its right to do so could be denied only for reasons that would invalidate licensing. A license which adds to the cost of a glass of rum is, in the words of the Massachusetts resolution, an odious interference with the liberty of the drinker to buy his drink upon the same terms with his food. It is liable to the same kind of objection which the free-traders urge against a protective tariff.

But the restriction of the license is not likely to be abolished. Indeed, in England, the whole question is urgently pressed upon the consideration of thoughtful men by the ever growing and threatening problem of pauperism, behind which lies the other question—the seed of the social revolution of the future—that of the relation of capital and labor. Indeed, the facts of the case in England, as presented by Mr. BIGELOW in his late pamphlet upon hereditary monarchy in France, are very impressive. Thus, if the average of the four years before 1870 of expenditures for intoxicating drinks in England were maintained during 1870, the amount for the last five years would be £564,952,750. And deducting the sixty-four odd millions for the reasonable and salutary demand, it leaves twenty-five hundreds of millions of dollars spent for liquor in five years—which raised the poor and police rates last year to £13,541,827, which withdraws from productive industry 186,096 persons, or one from every thirty-three houses in the kingdom, "to deal its damnation out to the consumers, and which enfeebles, degrades, and corrupts the race." Mr. BIGELOW adds that when Germany demanded £500,000,000 sterling as indemnity it was thought the monstrous extortion of a conqueror; yet England deliberately accepts an equal burden, not once in a century, but for every five years.

These figures begin to startle. The London *Times* warns the publicans that they must submit to some kind of restrictive legislation. It asserts that "the evils, direct and indirect, of intemperance are so manifest as to hurry one public man after another into a policy of repression at all hazards," and says that "the present consumption of intoxicating liquors is twice what it ought to be, and that the present profits of the trade simply express public loss, and are incompatible with public welfare." While five hundred millions of pounds are lost in liquor every five years, paupers increase in England at the rate of about two millions of persons; and should the present rate continue, in another ten years one-sixth of the present ratio of population in the United Kingdom will be paupers. These are the facts which make the situation of England so grave, and which justify the expectation of decided "temperance legislation" by Parliament.

PERSONAL.

THE Hon. MILLARD FILLMORE has been spending a few days among his old friends in this city. Although he has exceeded by one year the Scriptural threescore-and-ten, he is nevertheless in full health. It is just fifty years since Mr. FILLMORE removed to Buffalo and commenced the study of law. For four years previously he had been an apprentice to the wool-carding business. His political career commenced with his election to the State Assembly in 1829. In 1832 he was elected to Congress, in which body he served eight years. In 1847 he was elected Controller, and in 1848 Vice-President. In July, 1850, by the death of President TAYLOR, he became President, his term expiring March 4, 1852. In every relation of life Mr. FILLMORE has enjoyed the respect of his fellow-citizens. Politically no taint of "irregularity" or jobbery ever attached to him. In private life no man has been more irreproachable.

—M. CATACAZY, the Russian minister, has engaged the whole southern part of the Clarendon Hotel as the quarters of the Grand Duke ALEXIS and suit during their stay in this city. This part of the hotel was formerly a private dwelling, and can, if necessary, be entirely separated from the remainder of the building. Cunning workmen are now engaged in furbishing up the apartments in style suitable for so tremendous a prince as he is conceded to be. The grand committee on reception are looking after the court-plastering, tables, beds, and things of cognate necessity. He is to be made perfectly comfortable, regardless, etc., etc., etc.

—Of Parson BROWNLOW the Knoxville *Chronicle* says: "He was out yesterday enjoying the fine autumn atmosphere by taking a drive around town in his carriage. His many friends will be pleased to hear of his continued good health. While Democratic politicians who want his place in the Senate are waiting for his demise with ill-concealed impatience, he clings to life with tenacity, seeming to regard it as a sacred duty to disappoint them."

—An interesting archæological expedition is about to be made to Asia Minor, under the direction of Professor CURTIUS, assisted by an officer of high rank in the engineers. As it is proposed to explore some parts of the coast which are seldom visited, the imperial government of Germany will lend a gun-boat for the occasion. Professor ADLER will accompany the expedition as architect. He has been commissioned to draw up the plans for the restoration of the Church of the Knights of St. John at Jerusalem, which the sultan presented to the King of Prussia two years ago. Professor CURTIUS will commence his investigations at the plain of Troy. He does not propose to extend them beyond two months.

—Governor SEWARD has been having as pleasant a time in Paris as his physical infirmities could permit. His intellect is as clear as ever, but his bodily vigor is giving way. He is so badly paralyzed in both arms that he can not help himself at table.

—JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE professes to have entirely abandoned politics, and is now one of the hardest-working lawyers in Kentucky, with a very remunerative practice.

—Of the present condition of Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY says: "His physical and mental state is simply this. He is as well as he ever was, and will remain so as long as he is content to wholly abstain from any mental exertion whatever. But if he should once break this condition, and begin even to think of political affairs, his mind would be gone again in a week. He is like a man who has sprained his arm; who has recovered from that injury sufficiently to use his knife and fork; but who, should he attempt to wield a cricket bat, would find his arm drop useless by his side. The bodily health of Mr. BRIGHT is perfectly good; his mental health is also perfectly good on the condition that he does not use his mind. There is no prospect that he will ever reappear in public life; his career is over. This is the second mental attack to which he has been subjected, and his physicians have told him that he could not recover from a third one."

—An American gentleman of high social position, recently returned from Europe, who has long been on terms of intimacy with LOUIS NAPOLEON, says that the ex-emperor believes in his early restoration, that the government of M. THIERS is regarded as a mere make-shift, and that his death at this time would be followed by another revolution. GAMBETTA is looked upon as an ambitious, intriguing, able man. BAZAINE waits for history to justify him.

—Among recent college changes we notice the following at Princeton: Dr. WELLING has resigned the chair of English literature to accept the presidency of Columbian College, District of Columbia. His successor has not been appointed. Rev. T. W. HUNT, formerly tutor of *belles-lettres*, resigned to go abroad to complete his studies, and Mr. E. M. TURNER, tutor of Greek, has been appointed his successor. Mr. W. C. ROMMELL, of the class of '68, and a member of the Theological Seminary, has been appointed Greek tutor.

—A gentleman who has recently visited Monticello, famous as the residence of THOMAS JEFFERSON, says the mansion is nothing but a heap of ruins, rotting and tumbling into decay. The estate comprises about 350 acres, and is now in litigation, having been confiscated by the Confederate government, and bought in by a citizen of Charlottesville. The stone over Mr. JEFFERSON's grave is a ruin, like the house, relic hunters having chipped into it until the very shape of the original obelisk is destroyed.

—Pope PIUS, notwithstanding having overlapped the Catholic legend that "no pope shall exceed the years of Peter," continues to be in excellent health, and promises well for some years of occupancy of the papal throne. Should he live twenty years longer he would then only reach the age of his grandfather. It is a saying in his family that "a MASTAI FERRETTI dies young when he dies at ninety years."

—The Emperor of Brazil, when in London, promised the sisters of GOTTSCHALK that he would look after the manuscripts, literary and musical, of their deceased brother. It is known that GOTTSCHALK left a thousand pages of autobiography, and as he was both intelligent and agreeable, and mixed on very friendly terms with clever people in every phase of society, he could scarcely fail to have jotted down much that would interest people.

—EMILE OLLIVIER has expatriated himself from France avowedly never to return. He has put up his sign in Turin as a lawyer, and by the practice of his profession hopes to gain a livelihood. Although only forty-six, M. OLLIVIER has achieved distinction at the bar and in the Chamber of Deputies. He has published numerous judicial works, and was chosen by the ex-emperor as arbitrator of the difficulties which arose relative to the isthmus of Suez, and it was upon his report that the final decision was founded.

—It is perhaps a little singular that among the several portraits of JAMES FENIMORE COOPER—by the late Mr. ELLIOTT and others—none have, on the whole, represented him as he appeared in his later years so satisfactorily to his friends as one lately finished by an amateur, a comparative novice in the art—Rev. ALBERT BIGELOW, of Buffalo. This gentleman, long a pastor in Western New York, and now secretary of that district of the American Seamen's Friend Society, having been obliged by ill health and partial loss of hearing to suspend pastoral labor, and having a strong natural taste for the fine arts, took up the brush as a pastime in his hours of recreation. Falling in with FRANK CARPENTER, who painted the Lincoln "Emancipation Proclamation," he was greatly encouraged by valuable hints from Mr. C., who sat to him for his own portrait. His success in this led to a request from a connection of Mr. COOPER's that he would copy one of the family portraits of that author, which had been painted from BRADY's photograph and other sources. After examining these Mr. BIGELOW proposed, at his own risk, to try an original instead of a copy, which was gladly accepted, as in several respects superior to any yet painted, having a placid expression of thoughtful repose, which it has been found impracticable to fully preserve in the transfers from the canvas to the photograph and engraver's block.

—A Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, who seems to have something like a prejudice against the Premier of England, has taken the pains to contrast him with the Premier of Prussia, and puts it in print in this style: "Never since God placed man on the earth have two such antagonistic specimens of conspicuous genius ever contended in the political arena as the Prime Ministers of Prussia and England. Bold, outspoken, tenacious, jovial, concise, inflexible in argument as in purpose; imbued with hard common-sense, and with a fixed will that nothing changes; going straight to his point with a determination that no opposition can divert—Prince BISMARCK offers the complete opposite in every respect to the restless enthusiast who, impulsive as a woman, unstable as water, startles friends and foes alike with the fierce petulancy of incessant conversions."

—Speaking of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, we have seen nothing in the way of courtly description superior to the following, in the New York *Standard*: "Any body who ever saw Lord JOHN RUSSELL might well believe he was destined to reach the age of METHUSELAH. He's a little, weazen-faced, withered, shrunken-up old chap, and, in his big baggy clothes, reminds one of a hazel-nut shriveled in its shell. But he is as full of life as an egg is of meat; and perhaps one of the most remarkable proofs of this vitality is the vigor with which he habitually uses his nasal organ just before rising to speak. After having taken several reefs in an enormous bandana handkerchief, he envelops his nose in its folds, applies both hands, and gives such an unapproachable blast, accompanied by a spasmodic movement of the whole body, that it seems as if his little frame would fly apart in all directions from the sheer violence of the convulsion. When he sits down he retires beneath the shadow of a monstrous brimmed hat, cocks his knees up against the desk or table in front of him, buries his head in his breast, and, to all appearances, becomes the very embodiment of profound resignation."

—The library of Mr. A. T. STEWART's new residence is one of its most attractive rooms. It occupies the entire Fifth Avenue front, and is 24 by 47 feet in size. It contains eight massive book-cases of American and French walnut, surmounted with allegorical figures representing, respectively, Sculpture, Commerce, Agriculture, Science, Poetry, Music, War, and Art. Two library tables and twelve arm-chairs, finished in harmony with the book-cases, complete the adornments of this beautiful apartment.

—A memoir of the late Chief Justice TANEY, of the United States, who administered the oath of office to nine Presidents and Vice-Presidents, is in preparation by a member of the bar of Maryland. Judge TANEY, younger than LUTHER MARTIN—younger, though not much, than WIRT, and PINCKNEY, and WALTER JONES—he was a contemporary of all, and the names of JOHNSON and WALLIS, and STEELE and CARLISLE, and BRADLEY and others, in our day, are those of still active men who remember him at the bar. As the contemporary of WIRT and PINCKNEY, he may be strictly described—and yet, if tradition speak sooth, how different were the three! All great, all learned, all full of the accomplishments of the law, two of them eloquent, and one of striking and showy literary pretension—there was but one of the three who had the peculiar intellectual tone which fitted him to be a great judge. He was fifty-eight when put upon the bench, and for nearly thirty years presided over the highest tribunal of the United States.

—Elder EVANS feels aggrieved that *Harper's Weekly* should have copied from a London illustrated paper the picture to be found in our number for September 23, entitled "Elder FREDERICK EVANS at Home." We copied the picture in good faith, knowing it to be from the hand of a distinguished artist, and supposing it to be a veritable sketch from life. Elder EVANS assures us, however, that it is simply a caricature, and that it was drawn with malicious intent.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE remains of President Lincoln were, on September 19, removed from their temporary vault to a permanent one in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois. The bodies of the two deceased children were also removed. No ceremonies were observed. Robert Lincoln was present, with several personal friends.

A movement has recently been made to enlist the entire Masonic fraternity of the country in finishing the Washington National Monument.

At a recent sale of arms and ammunition at Camp Douglas, Salt Lake City, the Mormon adjutant-general of militia purchased 1000 stand of arms and 150,000 fixed cartridges.

The funeral of the late Professor Mahan, of West Point, who recently committed suicide in a moment of temporary insanity, took place September 24. Professor Mahan was in his seventieth year.

Two thousand Indian warriors are said to be moving on the Plains. They have turned back the surveying party of the Northern Pacific Railroad. "Sitting Bull" is said to be at the head of this formidable array of Braves.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT THIERS is seriously indisposed.

Rochefort has been condemned to penal servitude for life.

A manifesto from the Count de Paris will shortly appear, adopting the Bourbon programme of the Count de Chambord.

Queen Victoria is suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

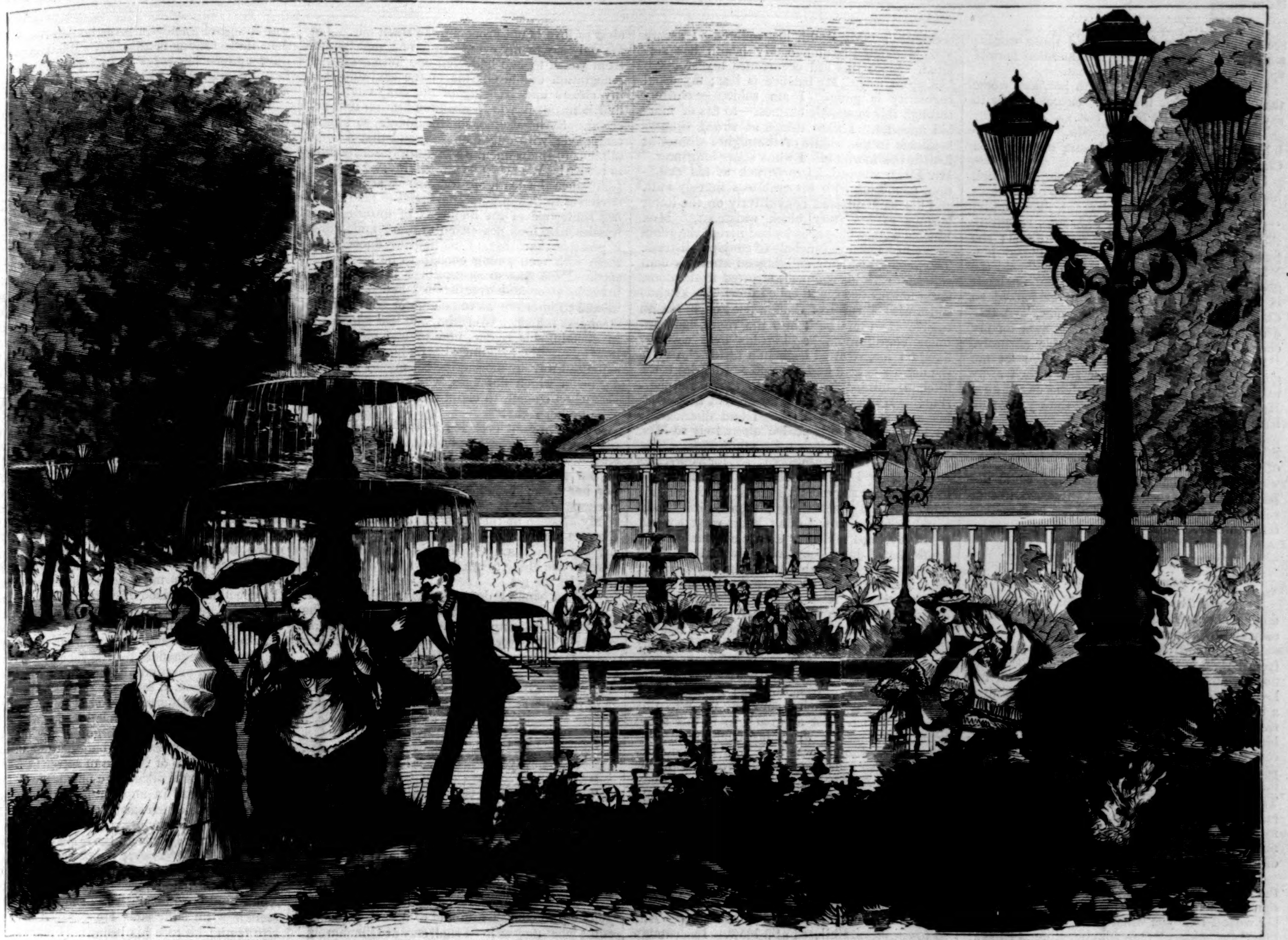
The General Transatlantic Company's steamship *Lafayette* was burned on Saturday, September 23, at her dock at Havre, where she had just arrived from New York. Her cargo was totally destroyed.

The Jesuits and certain agents of republicanism have been expelled from Rome by the Italian government.

The Roman Catholic residents of the town of Solothurn, Switzerland, have established a separate municipal government.

Twelve hundred Spanish troops have just been sent to Cuba, where the mortality among the soldiers is alarming.

DESIGN FOR A PROPOSED MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN IN THE CITY HALL PARK.



THE CURSAAL, OR GAMBLING HOUSE, WIESBADEN.—[SEE PAGE 938.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH

WHAT DOES THE DOCTOR SAY?

BEFORE another word had been exchanged between us Lucilla entered the room. We looked at each other. If we could have spoken at that moment, I believe we should both have said, "Thank God, she is blind!"

"Have you all forgotten me?" she asked. "Oscar! where are you? What does the doctor say?"

She advanced into the room. In a moment more she would have stumbled against the prostrate man still writhing on the floor. I laid my hand on her arm and stopped her.

She suddenly caught my hand in hers. "Why did you tremble," she asked, "when you took me by the arm? Why are you trembling now?" Her delicate sense of touch was not to be deceived. I vainly denied that any thing had happened: my hand had betrayed me. "There is something wrong!" she exclaimed. "Oscar has not answered me."

The doctor came to my assistance.

"There is nothing to be alarmed about," he said. "Mr. Dubourg is not very well to-day."

She turned on the doctor with a sudden burst of anger.

"You are deceiving me!" she cried. "Something serious has happened to him. The truth! tell me the truth! Oh! it's shameful, it's heartless of both of you, to deceive a wretched blind creature like me!"

The doctor still hesitated. I told her the truth.

"Where is he?" she asked, seizing me by the two shoulders, and shaking me in the violence of her agitation.

I entreated her to wait a little; I tried to place her in a chair. She pushed me contemptuously away, and went down on the floor on her hands and knees. "I shall find him," she muttered; "I shall find him in spite of you!" She began to crawl over the floor, feeling the empty space before her with her hand. It was horrible. I followed her, and raised her again by main force.

"Don't struggle with her," said the doctor. "Let her come here. He is quiet now."

I looked at Oscar. The worst of it was over. He was exhausted—he was quite still now. The doctor's voice guided her to the place. She sat down by Oscar on the floor, and laid his head on her lap. The moment she touched him the same effect was produced on her which would be produced (if our eyes were bandaged) on you or me when the bandage was taken off. An instant sense of relief diffused itself through her whole being. She became her gentler and sweeter self again. "I am sorry I lost my temper," she said, with the simplicity of a child. "But you don't know how hard it is to be deceived when you are blind." She stooped as she said those words, and passed her handkerchief lightly over his forehead. "Doctor," she asked, "will this happen again?"

"I hope not."

"Are you sure not?"

"I can't say that."

"What has brought it on?"

"I am afraid the blow he received on the head has brought it on."

She asked no more questions: her eager face passed suddenly into a state of repose. Something seemed to have come into her mind—after the doctor's answer to her last question—which absorbed her in herself. When Oscar recovered his consciousness she left it to me to answer the first natural questions which he put. When he personally addressed her she spoke to him kindly but briefly. Something in her at that moment seemed to keep her apart even from *him*. When the doctor proposed taking him back to Browndown she did not insist, as I had anticipated, on going with them. She took leave of him tenderly—but still she let him go. While he yet lingered near the door, looking back at her, she moved away slowly to the further end of the room; self-withdrawn into her own dark world—shut up in her thoughts from him and from us.

"MR. FINCH STOPPED, HORROR-STRUCK AT HIS CONDITION."

The doctor tried to rouse her.

"You must not think too seriously of this," he said, following her to the window at which she stood, and dropping his voice so that Oscar could not hear him. "He has himself told you that he feels lighter and better than he felt before the fit. It has relieved instead of injuring him. There is no danger. I assure you, on my honor, there is nothing to fear."

"Can you assure me, on your honor, of one other thing," she asked, lowering her voice on her side: "can you honestly tell me that this is not the first of other fits that are to come?"

The doctor parried the question.

"We will have another medical opinion," he answered, "before we decide. The next time I go to see him a physician from Brighton shall go with me."

Oscar, who had thus far waited, wondering at the change in her, now opened the door. The doctor returned to him. They left us.

She sat down on the window-seat, with her elbows on her knees and her hands grasping her forehead. A long moaning cry burst from her. She said to herself bitterly the one word—"Farewell!"

I approached her, feeling the necessity of reminding her that I was in the room.

"Farewell to what?" I asked, taking my place by her side.

"To his happiness and to mine," she answered, without lifting her head from her hands. "The dark days are coming for Oscar and for me."

"Why should you think that? You heard what the doctor said."

"The doctor doesn't know what I know."

"What you know?"

She paused before she answered me. "Do you believe in Fate?" she said, suddenly breaking the silence.

"I believe in nothing which encourages people to despair of themselves," I replied.

She went on without heeding me.

"What caused the fit which seized him in this room? The blow that struck him on the head. How did he receive the blow? In trying to defend what was his and what was mine. What had he been doing on the day when the thieves entered the house? He had been working on the casket which was meant for me. Do you see those events linked together in one chain? I believe the fit will be followed by some next event springing out of it. Something else is coming to darken his life and to darken mine. There is no wedding-day near for *us*. The obstacles are rising in front of him and in front of me. The next misfortune is very near us. You will see! you will

see!" She shivered as she said those words; and, shrinking away from me, huddled herself up in a corner of the window-seat.

It was useless to dispute with her, and worse than useless to sit there and encourage her to say more. I got up on my feet.

"There is one thing I believe in," I said, cheerfully. "I believe in the breeze on the hills. Come for a walk!"

She shrank closer into her corner and shook her head.

"Let me be!" she broke out, impatiently. "Leave me by myself!" She rose, repenting the words the moment they were uttered; she put her arm round my neck, and kissed me. "I didn't mean to speak so harshly," said the gentle, affectionate creature. "Sister! my heart is heavy. My life to come never looked so dark to my blind eyes as it looks now." A tear dropped from those poor sightless eyes on my cheek. She turned her head aside abruptly. "Forgive me," she murmured, "and let me go." Before I could answer she turned away to hide herself in her room. The sweet girl! How you would have pitied her—how you would have loved her!

I went out alone for my walk. She had not infected me with her superstitious forebodings of ill things to come. But there was one sad word that she had said in which I could not but agree. After what I had witnessed in that room, the wedding-day did, indeed, look further off than ever.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

FAMILY TROUBLES.

In four or five days more Lucilla's melancholy doubts about Oscar were confirmed. He was attacked by a second fit.

The promised consultation with the physician from Brighton took place. Our new doctor did not encourage us to hope. The second fit following so close on the first was, in his opinion, a bad sign. He gave general directions for the treatment of Oscar, and left him to decide for himself whether he would or would not try change of scene. No change, the physician appeared to think, would exert any immediate influence on the recurrence of the epileptic attacks. The patient's general health might be benefited, and that was all. As for the question of the marriage, he declared without hesitation that we must for the present dismiss all consideration of it from our minds.

Lucilla received the account of what passed at the visit of the doctors with a stubborn resignation which it distressed me to see. "Remember what I told you when the first attack seized him," she said. "Our summer-time is ended; our winter is come."

Her manner, while she spoke, was the manner of a person who is waiting without hope—who feels deliberately that calamity is near. She only roused herself when Oscar came in. He was, naturally enough, in miserable spirits under the sudden alteration in all his prospects. Lucilla did her best to cheer him, and succeeded. On my side, I tried vainly to persuade him to leave Browndown, and amuse himself in some gayer place. He shrank from new faces and new scenes. Between these two unelastic young people, I felt even my native good spirits beginning to sink. If we had been all three down in the bottom of a dry well in a wilderness, we could hardly have surveyed a more dismal prospect than the prospect we were contemplating now. By good luck Oscar, like Lucilla, was passionately fond of music. We turned to the piano as our best resource in those days of our adversity. Lucilla and I took it in turns to play, and Oscar listened. I have to report that we got through a great deal of music. I have also to acknowledge that we were very dull.

As for Reverend Finch, he talked his way through his share of the troubles that were trying us now at the full compass of his voice.

If you had heard the little priest in those days you would have supposed that nobody could feel our domestic misfortunes as *he* felt them, and grieve over them as *he* grieved. He was a sight to see on the day of the medical consultation, strutting up and down his wife's sitting-room, and haranguing his audience—composed of his wife and myself. Mrs. Finch sat in one corner, with the baby and the novel, and the petticoat and the shawl. I occupied the other corner, summoned to "consult with the rector." In plain words, summoned to hear Mr. Finch declare that he was the person principally overshadowed by the cloud which hung over the household.

"I despair, Madame Pratolungo—I assure you, I despair—of conveying any idea of how *I* feel under this most melancholy state of things. You have been very good; you have shown the sympathy of a true friend. But you can not possibly understand how this blow has fallen on Me. I am crushed. Madame Pratolungo" (he appealed to me, in my corner), "Mrs. Finch" (he appealed to his wife, in *her* corner), "I am crushed. There is no other word to express it but the word I have used. Crushed." He stopped in the middle of the room. He looked expectantly at me—he looked expectantly at his wife. His face and manner said, plainly, "If both these women faint, I shall consider it a natural and becoming proceeding on their parts, after what I have just told them." I waited for the lead of the lady of the house. Mrs. Finch did *not* roll prostrate, with the baby and the novel, on the floor. Thus encouraged, I presumed to keep my seat. The rector stil waited for us. I looked as miserable as I could. Mrs. Finch cast her eyes up reverentially at her husband, as if she thought him the noblest of created beings, and silently put her handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Finch was satisfied; Mr. Finch continued: "My health has suffered—I assure you, Madame Pratolungo, My health has suffered. Since this sad occurrence my stomach has given way. My balance is lost; my usual regularity is gone. I am subject—entirely through this miserable business—to fits of morbid appetite. I want things at wrong times—breakfast in the middle of the night; dinner at four in the morning. I want something now." Mr. Finch stopped, horror-struck at his condition, pondering with his eyebrows fiercely knit, and his hand pressed convulsively on the lower buttons of his rusty black waistcoat. Mrs. Finch's watery blue eyes looked across the room at me in a moist melancholy of conjugal distress. The rector, suddenly enlightened after his consultation with his stomach, strutted to the door, flung it wide open, and called down the kitchen stairs with a voice of thunder, "Poach me an egg!" He came back into the room, held another consultation, keeping his eyes severely fixed on me, strutted back in a furious hurry to the door, and bellowed a counter-order down the kitchen stairs, "No egg! Do me a red herring!" He came back for the second time, with his eyes closed and his hand laid distractedly on his head. He appealed alternately to Mrs. Finch and to me, "See for yourselves. Mrs. Finch! Madame Pratolungo! see for yourselves what a state I am in. It's simply pitiable. I hesitate about the most trifling things. First I think I want a poached egg; then I think I want a red herring; now I don't know what I want. Upon my word of honor as a clergyman and a gentleman, I don't know what I want! Morbid appetite all day; morbid wakefulness all night: what a condition! I can't rest. I disturb my wife at night. Mrs. Finch! I disturb you at night. How many times—since this misfortune fell upon us—do I turn in bed before I fall off to sleep? Eight times? Are you certain of it? Don't exaggerate! Are you certain you counted? Very well: good creature! I never remember—I assure you, Madame Pratolungo, I never remember—such a complete upset as this before. The nearest approach to it was some years since—at my wife's last confinement but four. Mrs. Finch! was it at your last confinement but four? or your last but five? Your last but four? Are you sure? Are you certain you are not misleading our friend here? Very well. good creature! Pecuniary difficulties, Madame Pratolungo, were at the bottom of it on that last occasion. I got over the pecuniary difficulties. How am I to get over this? My plans for Oscar and Lucilla were completely arranged. My relations with my wedded children were pleasantly laid out. I saw my own future; I saw the future of my family. What do I see now? All, so to speak, annihilated at a blow. Inscrutable Providence!" He paused, and lifted his eyes and hands devotionally to the ceiling. The cook appeared with the red herring. "Inscrutable Providence," proceeded Mr. Finch, a tone lower. "Eat it, dear," said Mrs. Finch, "while it's hot." The rector paused again. His unresting tongue urged him to proceed; his undisciplined stomach clamored for the herring. The cook uncovered the dish. Mr. Finch's nose instantly sided with Mr. Finch's stomach. He stopped at "Inscrutable Providence," and peppered his herring.

Having reported how the rector spoke in the presence of the disaster which had fallen on the family, I have only to complete the picture by stating next what he did. He borrowed two hundred pounds of Oscar, and left off commanding red herrings in the day and disturbing Mrs. Finch at night immediately afterward.

The dull autumn days ended, and the long nights of winter began.

No change for the better appeared in our prospects. The doctors did their best for Oscar—without avail. The horrible fits came back, again and again. Day after day our dull lives went monotonously on. I almost began now to believe, with Lucilla, that a crisis of some sort must be at hand. "This can not last," I used to say to myself—generally when I was very hungry. "Something will happen before the year comes to its end."

The month of December began; and something happened at last. The family troubles at the rectory were matched by family troubles of my own. A letter arrived for me from one of my younger sisters at Paris. It contained alarming news of a person very dear to me—already mentioned in the first of these pages as my good Papa.

Was the venerable author of my being dangerously ill of a mortal disease? Alas! he was not exactly that, but the next worst thing to it. He was dangerously in love with a disreputable young woman. At what age? At the age of seventy-five! What can we say of my surviving parent? We can only say, This is a vigorous nature; Papa has an evergreen heart.

I am grieved to trouble you with my family concerns. But they mix themselves up intimately, as you will see in due time, with the concerns of Oscar and Lucilla. It is my unhappy destiny that I can not possibly take you through the present narrative without sooner or later disclosing the one weakness (amiable weakness) of the gayest and brightest and best-preserved man of his time.

Ah, I am now treading on egg-shells, I know! The English spectre called Propriety springs up rampant on my writing-table, and whispers furiously in my ear, "Madame Pratolungo, raise a blush on the Cheek of Innocence, and it is all over from that moment with you and your story." Oh, inflammable Cheek of Innocence, be good-natured for once, and I will rack my brains to try if I can put it to you without offense! May I picture good Papa as an elder in the Temple of Venus, burning incense inexhaustibly on the altar of love? No: Temple of Venus is Pagan; altar of love is not proper—take them out. Let me only say of my evergreen parent that his life from youth to age had been one unintermitting recognition of the charms of the sex, and that my sisters and I (being of the sex) could not find it in our hearts to abandon him on that account. So handsome, so affectionate, so sweet-tempered; with only one fault, and that a compliment to the women, who naturally adored him in return! We accepted our destiny. For years past (since the death of Mamma) we accustomed ourselves to live in perpetual dread of his marrying some one of the hundreds of unscrupulous hussies who took possession of him; and, worse if possible than that, of his fighting duels about them with men young enough to be his grandsons. Papa was so susceptible! Papa was so brave! Over and over again I had been summoned to interfere, as the daughter who had the strongest influence over him, and had succeeded in effecting his rescue, now by one means and now by another; ending always, however, in the same sad way, by the sacrifice of money for damages—on which damages, when the woman is shameless enough to claim them, my verdict is, "Serve her right!"

On the present occasion it was the old story over again. My sisters had done their best to stop it, and had failed. I had no choice but to appear on the scene—to begin, perhaps, by boxing her ears; to end, certainly, by filling her pockets.

My absence at this time was something more than an annoyance—it was a downright grief to my blind Lucilla. On the morning of my departure she clung to me as if she was determined not to let me go.

"What shall I do without you?" she said. "It is hard, in these dreary days, to lose the comfort of hearing your voice. I shall feel all my security gone when I feel you no longer near me. How many days shall you be away?"

"A day to get to Paris," I answered; "and a day to get back—two. Five days (if I can do it in the time) to thunder-strike the hussy and to rescue Papa—seven. Let us say, if possible, a week."

"You must be back, no matter what happens, before the new year."

"Why?"

"I have my yearly visit to pay to my aunt. It has been twice put off. I must absolutely go to London on the last day of the old year, and stay there my allotted three months in Miss Batchford's house. I had hoped to be Oscar's wife before the time came round again—" she waited a moment to steady her voice. "That is all over now. We must be parted. If I can't leave you here to console him and to take care of him, come what may of it—I shall stay at Dimchurch."

Her staying at Dimchurch while she was still unmarried meant, under the terms of her uncle's will, sacrificing her fortune. If Reverend Finch had heard her, he would not even have been able to say "Inscrutable Providence;" he would have lost his senses on the spot.

"Don't be afraid," I said; "I shall be back, Lucilla, before you go. Besides, Oscar may get better. He may be able to follow you to London, and visit you at your aunt's."

She shook her head with such a sad, sad doubt of it that the tears came into my eyes. I gave her a last kiss, and hurried away.

My route was to Newhaven, and then across the Channel to Dieppe. I don't think I really knew how fond I had grown of Lucilla until I lost sight of the rectory at the turn in the road to Brighton. My natural firmness deserted me; I felt torturing presentiments that some great misfortune would happen in my absence; I astonished myself—I, the widow of the Spartan Pratolungo!—by having a good cry, like any other woman. Sooner or later we susceptible people pay with the heart-ache for the privilege of loving. No matter: heart-ache or not, one must have something to love in this world as long as one lives in it. I have lived in it—never mind how many years—and I have got Lucilla. Before Lucilla I had the Doctor. Before the Doctor—ah, my friends, we won't look back beyond the Doctor!

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

SECOND RESULT OF THE ROBBERY.

The history of my proceedings in Paris can be dismissed in very few words. It is only necessary to dwell in detail on one among the many particulars which connect themselves in my memory with the rescue of good Papa.

The affair this time assumed the gravest possible aspect. The venerable victim had gone the length of renewing his youth in respect of his teeth, his hair, his complexion, and his figure (this last involving the purchase of a pair of stays). I declare I hardly knew him again, he was so outrageously and unnaturally young. The utmost stretch of my influence was exerted over him in vain. He embraced me with the most touching fervor; he expressed the noblest sentiments; but in the matter of his contemplated marriage he was immovable. Life was only tolerable to him on one condition. The beloved object, or death: such was the programme of this volcanic old man.

To make the prospect more hopeless still, the beloved object proved, on this occasion, to be a bold enough woman to play her trump card at starting.

I give the jade her due. She assumed a perfectly unassailable attitude: we had her full permission to break off the match—if we could. "I refer you to your father. Pray understand that *I* don't wish to marry him if his daughters object to it. He has only to say, 'Release me;' from that moment he is free." There was no contending against such a system of defense as this. We knew as well as she did that our fascinated parent would *not* say the word. Our sole chance was to spend money in investigating the antecedent indiscretions of this lady's life, and to produce against her proof so indisputable that not even an old man's infatuation could say, This is a lie.

We disbursed; we investigated; we secured our proof. It took a fortnight. At the end of that time we had the necessary materials in hand for opening the eyes of good Papa.

In the course of the inquiry I was brought into contact with many strange people—among others with a man who startled me, at our first interview, by presenting a personal deformity which, with all my experience of the world, I now saw, oddly enough, for the first time.

The man's face, instead of exhibiting any of the usual shades of complexion, was hideously distinguished by a superhuman—I had almost said a devilish—coloring of livid blackish-*blue!* He proved to be a most kind, intelligent, and serviceable person. But when we first confronted each other his horrible color so startled me that I could not repress a cry of alarm. He not only passed over my involuntary act of rudeness in the most indulgent manner—he explained to me the cause which had produced his peculiarity of complexion, so as to put me at my ease before we entered on the delicate private inquiry which had brought us together.

"I beg your pardon," said this unfortunate man, "for not having warned you of my disfigurement before I entered the room. There are hundreds of people discolored as I am in the various parts of the civilized world; and I supposed that you had met in the course of your experience with other examples of my case. The blue tinge in my complexion is produced by the effect on the blood of Nitrate of Silver—taken internally. It is the only medicine which relieves sufferers like me from an otherwise incurable malady. We have no alternative but to accept the consequences for the sake of the cure."

He did not mention what his malady had been; and I abstained, it is needless to say, from questioning him further. I got used to his disfigurement in the course of my relations with him; and I should no doubt have forgotten my blue man in attending to more absorbing matters of interest if the effects of Nitrate of Silver as a medicine had not been once more unexpectedly forced on my attention in another quarter, and under circumstances which surprised me in no ordinary degree.

Having saved Papa on the brink of—let us say, his twentieth precipice, it became necessary to stay a few days longer and reconcile him to the hardship of being rescued in spite of himself. You would have been greatly shocked if you had seen how he suffered. He gnashed his expensive teeth; he tore his beautifully manufactured hair. In the fervor of his emotions I have no doubt he would have burst his new stays—if I had not taken them away and sold them half price, and made (to that small extent) a profit out of our calamity to set against the loss. Do what one may in the detestable system of modern society, the pivot on which it all turns is Money. Money, when you are saving Freedom! Money, when you are saving Papa! Is there no remedy for this? A word in your ear. Wait till the next revolution!

During the time of my absence I had, of course, corresponded with Lucilla.

Her letters to me—very sad and very short—reported a melancholy state of things at Dimchurch. While I had been away the dreadful epileptic seizures had attacked Oscar with increasing frequency and increasing severity. The moment I could see my way to getting back to England I wrote to Lucilla to cheer her with the intimation of my return. Two days only before my departure from Paris I received another letter from her. I was weak enough to be almost afraid to open it. Her writing to me again, when she knew that we should be reunited at such an early date, suggested that she must have some very startling news to communicate. My mind misgave me that it would prove to be news of the worst sort.

I summoned courage to open the envelope. Ah, what fools we are! For once that our presentiments come right, they prove a hundred times to be wrong. Instead of distressing me, the letter delighted me. Our gloomy prospect was brightening at last.

Thus, feeling her way over the paper in her large childish characters, Lucilla wrote:

"Dearest Friend and Sister,—I can not wait until we meet to tell you my good news. The Brighton doctor has been dismissed, and a doctor from London has been tried instead. My dear, for intellect there is nothing like London. The new man sees, thinks, and makes up his mind on the spot. He has a way of his own of treating Oscar's case; and he answers for curing him of the horrible fits. There is news for you! Come back, and let us jump for joy together. How wrong I was to doubt the future! Never, never, never will I doubt it again. This is the longest letter I have ever written.

"Your affectionate Lucilla."

To this a postscript was added, in Oscar's handwriting, as follows:

"Lucilla has told you that there is some hope for me at last. What I write in this place is written without her knowledge—for your private ear only. Take the first opportunity you can find of coming to see me at Browndown, without allowing Lucilla to hear of it. I have a great favor to ask of you. My happiness depends on your granting it. You shall know what it is when we meet.

Oscar."

This postscript puzzled me.

It was not in harmony with the implicit confidence which I had observed Oscar to place habitually in Lucilla. It jarred on my experience

of his character, which presented him to me as the reverse of a reserved, secretive man. His concealment of his identity when he first came among us had been a forced concealment—due entirely to his horror of being identified with the hero of the trial. In all the ordinary relations of life he was open and unreserved to a fault. That he could have a secret to keep from Lucilla, and to confide to me, was something perfectly unintelligible to my mind. It highly excited my curiosity; it gave me a new reason for longing to get back.

I was able to make all my arrangements, and to bid adieu to my father and my sisters on the evening of the twenty-third. Early on the morning of the twenty-fourth I left Paris, and reached Dimchurch in time for the final festivities in celebration of Christmas-eve.

The first hour of Christmas-day had struck on the clock in our own pretty sitting-room before I could prevail upon Lucilla to let me rest, after my journey, in bed. She was now once more the joyous, light-hearted creature of our happier time; and she had so much to say to me, that not even her father himself (on this occasion) could have talked her down. The next morning she paid the penalty of exciting herself overnight. When I went into her room she was suffering from a nervous headache, and was not able to rise at her usual hour. She proposed of her own accord that I should go alone to Browndown to see Oscar on my return. It is only doing common justice to myself to say that this was a relief to me. If she had had the use of her eyes, my conscience would have been easy enough; but I shrank from deceiving my dear blind girl even in the slightest things.

So, with Lucilla's knowledge and approval, I went to Oscar alone.

I found him fretful and anxious, ready to flame out into one of his sudden passions on the smallest provocation. Not the slightest reflection of Lucilla's recovered cheerfulness appeared in Lucilla's lover.

"Has she said any thing to you about the new doctor?" were the first words he addressed to me.

"She has told me that she feels the greatest faith in him," I answered. "She firmly believes that he speaks the truth in saying he can cure you."

"Did she show any curiosity to know *how* he is curing me?"

"Not the slightest curiosity that I could see. It is enough for her that you are to be cured. The rest she leaves to the doctor."

My last answer appeared to relieve him. He sighed, and leaned back in his chair. "That's right!" he said to himself. "I am glad to hear that."

"Is the doctor's treatment of you a secret?" I asked.

"It must be a secret from Lucilla," he said, speaking very earnestly. "If she attempts to find it out, she must be kept—for the present, at least—from all knowledge of it. Nobody has any influence over her but you. I look to you to help me."

"Is this the favor you had to ask me?"

"Yes."

"Am I to know the secret of the medical treatment?"

"Certainly! How can I expect you to help me unless you know what a serious reason there is for keeping Lucilla in the dark?"

He laid a strong emphasis on the two words, "serious reason." I began to feel a little uneasy. I had never yet taken the slightest advantage of my poor Lucilla's blindness. And here was her promised husband—of all the people in the world—proposing to me to keep her in the dark!

"Is the new doctor's treatment dangerous?" I inquired.

"Not in the least."

"Is it not so certain as he has led Lucilla to believe?"

"It is quite certain."

"Did the other doctors know of it?"

"Yes."

"Why did they not try it?"

"They were afraid."

"Afraid? What *is* the treatment?"

"Medicine."

"Many medicines? or one?"

"Only one."

"What is the name of it?"

"Nitrate of Silver."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Beethoven Centennial at Bonn lasted four days. The arrangements for the musical festival were quiet and unostentatious, yet they attracted thither many leading musicians from various parts of Europe. The artists consisted primarily of about three hundred and seventy vocalists, chiefly from the Rhenish district, although in the orchestra were several musicians from Berlin, Leipsic, and London. Only Beethoven's music was given, yet the variety—mass, overture, song, symphony, quartette, solo—was wonderful. One great feature of the centenary was the performance of the celebrated Mass in D, a musical composition of rare difficulty and rare excellence. This work was rendered magnificently, and produced a brilliant effect; an enthusiastic audience paid hearty homage to art. The Mass in D is considered Beethoven's greatest composition.

From Russia we learn that in Moscow the medical faculty have come to the conclusion that it would be of special utility for women to be allowed to acquire thorough medical knowledge at competent medical schools, and afterward to practice without hinderance. The question of special classes has been inquired into, and as, in Moscow, at least, it is found impossible to institute classes solely intended for women, the faculty are of opinion that female students ought to be allowed to take their places along with the male students in the classes and lectures of the medical faculties and in the medico-chirurgical academy. The entrance examination will be the same for female as for male students. The result of the report by the faculty to the council of the Moscow University was that the views presented by the faculty were fully adopted by the council. Means were taken to communicate with the curator of the Moscow school district, by whom steps must be taken to carry out the recommendations.

A new invention, which may serve to prevent some of the fearful railroad accidents which are so frequent nowadays, is an electric signal entirely automatic in its arrangement. A danger signal is shown half a mile distant in either direction whenever a switch is turned off the main track, and remains visible as long as the switch is turned. It can be operated a mile away, if necessary. By another invention an electric bell is rung whenever a train is within a given distance of a station. Such a system of signals would prevent such a disaster as that on the Eastern Railway.

Some of the recent disturbances in Northern India appear to have resulted from the late European war. It seems that a large number of the inhabitants of Cashmere, whose occupation was weaving shawls for the Paris market, were thrown out of employment by the war, and emigrated to the Punjaub, where some of their countrymen were settled, weaving shawls for the India market. Before long they began to use the flesh of the cow for food. The Hindoos resented the killing of this sacred animal, and the result was riots and murder.

At a recent sale in Paris of the effects of Dumas, the novelist, among a pretty collection of works of art and curious arms, were two richly chased carbines, given to Dumas—one by Schamyl and the other by Abd-el-Kader—after reading some of his stories. The principal bids were for a fine group in bronze, a present of the Duc d'Orleans to the novelist, which sold for 4100 francs, and for Dumas's two old arm-chairs, bought by his son, who was also the purchaser of more than half of the objects sold.

At a family reunion at the residence of the Rev. Peter Cartwright, in Illinois, on the occasion of his eighty-seventh birthday, one hundred and twenty children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the patriarch were present. Mr. Cartwright has been a minister of the Gospel about sixty-six years, and a presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church for over fifty years.

Quinine biscuit is a dietetic novelty, introduced by a London baker. Each biscuit contains a quarter of a grain of quinine. Very agreeable food it is said to be for those who fancy taking their medicine in a disguised form.

Courtship and marriage seem just now to be the business of life in Paris. In a single one of the twenty arrondissements into which Paris is divided, the number of marriages for a single month is set down at two hundred.

The Boston postmaster states that out of an average receipt of sixty thousand letters a day, at least one hundred are found to be either without stamps or insufficiently paid. Hence they go to the Dead-letter Office. Boston business men, moreover, have been in the habit of opening their letters in the area of the Post-office, and throwing the envelopes on the floor. Some enterprising sharpers have considered this a good opportunity for exhibiting their talents. They learned the numbers of the boxes of certain firms, and took occasion to demand the letters therefrom.

Among new buildings which are in process of erection in our city is the "Old Ladies' Home" on Seventy-ninth Street, between Fourth and Madison avenues. It is 200 feet in length by 100 in width—built of brick, with facings of yellow stone. It contains six stories, the four upper being devoted to bedrooms, of which the house has over two hundred. The two lower stories will be divided into parlors, dining-rooms, kitchen, store-rooms, laundries, servants' rooms, offices, and other requisite apartments, including a chapel. A steam elevator will run from the basement to the top story. Each room will be warmed by a separate brick flue, which will conduct the heat from coils of steam-pipe at its base. When this building is completed, the inmates of the "Home," now situated in Twentieth Street, will be transferred to it.

The new Mount Sinai Hospital, on Lexington Avenue, is nearly finished. It consists of three buildings, three stories in height, and built of brick, with white marble trimmings. The hospital proper will accommodate one hundred and twenty-five patients. There are private wards for those who are able to pay for extra accommodations.

Another year will probably be required for the completion of Mr. A. T. Stewart's hotel for women. Yet even in its unfinished state it presents an imposing appearance. It will be seven stories high, with a basement. The principal entrance will be on Fourth Avenue, through a massive portico two stories high, supported upon eight pillars. This will lead through a vestibule into a hall thirty feet wide, which will be paved with marble. Staircases will lead from the hall to the upper stories, while several elevators will afford an easier means of ascent. In the rear of the west side will be the kitchen, beneath which the laundry will be situated; above the kitchen will be a dining-room, thirty by ninety-two feet, and above that a library and reading-room of the same dimensions. The Fourth Avenue side of each story above the first will be divided into parlors, while the remainder of the building will be chiefly devoted to sleeping-rooms. The bedrooms will be of two sizes: part sixteen by eighteen feet, designed for two occupants; and part eight by nine feet, for a single occupant. The building will be thoroughly fire-proof, having iron beams in all the floors. It will be heated by steam, and supplied with all other conveniences.

The steamship *Atlantic*, the last of the Collins line of New York and Liverpool steam-packets, has recently been taken to Long Island to be broken up into old iron and copper. The sad fate of the *Arctic* and *Pacific* will be remembered. The *Baltic* and *Adriatic* were sold to go under a foreign flag.

Nevada contains the richest borax deposits in the United States. It is said to be superior to the best English borax. Eleven thousand tons of borax are consumed annually in the world.

"Murderburg," "Yankee Flat," "New Jerusalem," and "Devil Gully," are some of the towns in which California glories.

Sreo Rungamba Garu is a Hindoo caste lady, who has distinguished herself by a lecture which she recently delivered in Telugu, India. The subject was "Human Being." The lecture was patronized by a large number of Hindoo gentlemen. This, however, may be accounted for by the position the lady took, "acknowledging the inferiority of women and the superiority of men, in general, in point of learning." Her lecture, however, was to favor the advancement of female education in India.

Every year—so it is estimated—the United States sends 40,000 of her citizens to visit Europe. They spend there the pretty little sum of $120,000,000, says an English journal.

Never did Handel receive a more natural and pleasing tribute to his power and skill than when, on one occasion, he undertook to play the out voluntary in a crowded church. The organ was a fine one. Entranced by the music, the congregation sat as if spell-bound; not a person moved. Suddenly the usual organist came forward and took his seat, saying, with an air of superiority, "You can not dismiss a congregation. See how soon *I* can disperse them!"

The chirping and singing of the cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of; but they do not sing—they fiddle. By rubbing wings and legs together—each in a manner peculiar to the species—these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best insect instrumental performer is the "katy-did." Each wing contains a little tambourine, and by the opening and shutting of the wings these are rubbed against each other, and produce the sound of "katy-did-she-did," which can be heard at such a long distance, and gives the insect its name. These sounds are supposed to be useful in enabling insects to find their mates; or they may indulge in them for their own gratification, and to add to the general harmony of nature.

The champion washer-woman lives in Springfield, Massachusetts. She would be welcomed in New York. She does washing for two cents a "piece," yet she contrives to make a living. Her average income therefrom is stated at $120 a month. Last month she washed 6957 pieces, and received $139 14. Her husband manages to earn $12 a week.

The following bit of rhyme may not be the highest style of *poetry*, but we commend it for being sensible to the last degree. All the medical profession could take a summer vacation if people would obey these suggestions:

Take the open air—
  The more you take the better;
Follow nature's laws
  To the very letter.

Let the doctors go
  To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
  The brandy, and the whisky.

Freely exercise;
  Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
  Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food;
  Drink the pure cold water;
Then you will be well,
  Or, at least, you ought to.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Customer. "Do you call that a veal-cutlet, waiter? Why, it is an insult to every true calf in the country." Waiter. "I didn't mean to insult you, Sir."

When a man gets a *handle* to his name he begins to consider himself *nobby*.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said Jones, with a sigh,
  As her voice of a tempest gave warning;
"Quite out, Sir, indeed," was the servant's reply,
  "For she finished the bottle this morning."

Not long ago a captain of volunteers was presented with a handsome sword. He began his reply thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, this sword is the proudest day of my existence."

What poet is least distinguished for brevity?—Longfellow.

A Vein Pursuit—Mining.

An Irishman, writing from Philadelphia the other day to his friend in the old country, concluded his letter thus: "If iver it's me forchune to live till I dy—and God nose whether it is so or no—I'll visit ould Ireland afore I leave Philamadelphy."

The Lick-her Question—Shall a man be allowed to whip his wife?

A man was once relating a story of being on a locomotive that struck a cow standing on the track, and threw her several yards into the field, where she lit squarely upon her feet, with her head toward the train, and, strange to say, she wasn't hurt a mite. "But didn't she look scared?" inquired a listener. "Well, I don't know whether she was scared or not, but she looked a good deal discouraged."

Why is the road of transgressors so hard?—Because it is so much traveled.

"How many years have you been dumb?" sympathetically asked a gentleman of a beggar who pretended to be bereft of speech. "Five years, Sir," replied the impostor, completely taken off his guard.

A farmer saw an advertised recipe to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money, and received the answer, "Take in your well or cistern on cold nights, and keep it by the fire."

Sheridan once said to Erskine, "Ah, Tom, had I stuck to the law, I might have been what you are; but, hang it, Mrs. S. or myself was always obliged to write for our leg or shoulder of mutton." "Ah," said Erskine, "I always heard your literature was a joint concern."

When is water most liable to escape?—When it is only half tide.

Wanted, a man—to elope with my wife. He must be a man of courage, and strong as an ox. He must be one with a healthy constitution, and able to do with little sleep. A sailor would suit best—one that's been accustomed to big blows. My wife has many good points for a man who could appreciate them. I can not. She can talk faster than lightning can travel, and louder than a railroad whistle can scream. She doesn't care much for the amenities, but is very powerful on the acerbities of life. She would be a good assistant in a vinegar factory, she's so sour, and would be a noble companion for a man living in a country where there are plenty of bears, she's so powerful in hugging. To any man who feels like enticing my wife to elope with him I will pay $50 and the expense of the elopement. Should my blessing be considered of any consequence, I'll throw it in. For further particulars, apply to Henry Jinks.

A MOSQUITO CAMPAIGN.

His Landlord assures Mr. Slinks there is not a single Mosquito in the Room.

Mr. Slinks finds there are no Single ones, but all are Married and have Large Families.

He goes for Them, and They go for Him.

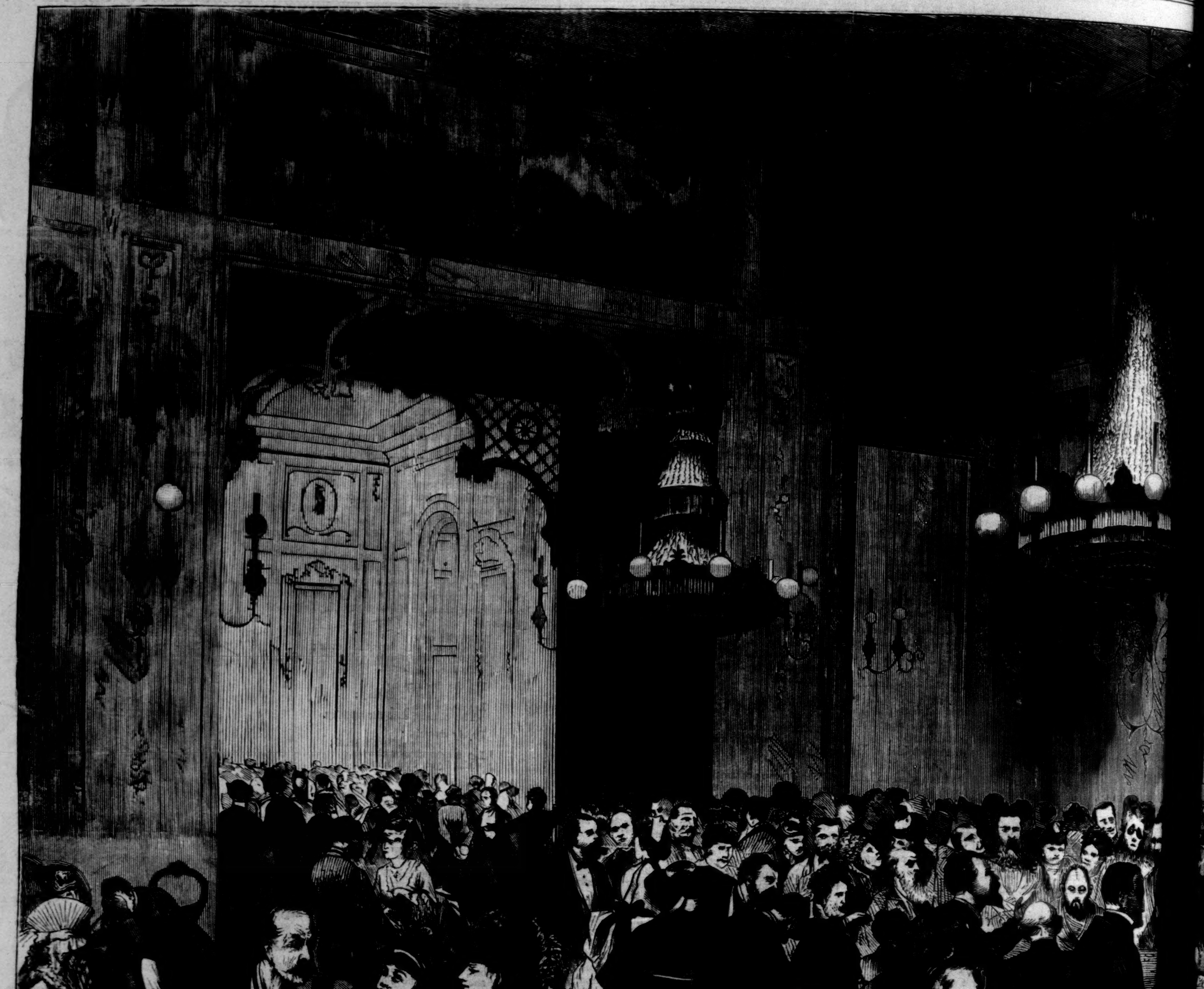
He Fights;

But, Overcome by Numbers, he Retreats to Cover.

They make a Flank Movement.

Covers his Flanks. They attack Head-Quarters.

Last seen of Mr. Slinks.



THE INTERIOR OF THE GAMBLING HOUSE AT WI ACTUA

ACTUAL SKETCHES IN THE SALON.—[See Page 938.]

GAMBLING AT WIESBADEN.

THE principal attraction of the pretty town of Wiesbaden, in the Duchy of Nassau, belongs to the Cursaal, which, like the "Conversations-haus" at Baden-Baden, of which we gave an illustration in the *Weekly* for September 16, is devoted chiefly to gambling. In the rear of the building, as shown in the illustration on page 933, there is a beautiful miniature lake, surrounded by lovely walks, and the margin set round with tables and chairs, where visitors retire after dinner to drink coffee, smoke, and listen to the music from a band stationed in a gallery of the Cursaal. A company leases the Saal from the Grand Duke for about $25,000 a year, for which trifling sum they monopolize the privilege of running gambling-tables in the town.

The double-page illustration shows the interior of the Saal, where the gambling-tables are in full operation. It is engraved from a picture by a German artist, drawn by him after actual sketches from life. Every group is a faithful study, every face a genuine portrait; and every person who has ever visited these gilded halls of vice will recognize the general fidelity to the actual scene which characterizes the picture.

As we stated in the article on Baden-Baden, the legalization of gambling will soon cease to be a reproach to Germany. This is the last season at Baden-Baden; Wiesbaden will enjoy a little longer respite, as the lease of the Cursaal does not expire until December, 1872. Until then fools who want to part with their money can have the opportunity at the gambling-tables of this pleasant town. Wiesbaden is chiefly patronized by Russians and French, though since the war with Germany there has been a great falling off in the number of visitors of the latter nationality. The Russians are cool and steady gamblers. They do not stretch their necks to catch a glimpse of the first line of the cards, nor make a fuss; and they smile when they lose, and joke. But a Scotchman, well imbedded in the game, having ceased to require an answer to a single question, is a preferable model of sobriety and decorum, and one of Scotia's sons at Wiesbaden this year has outlasted the Russians. He looks like the solid rock. He listens impassively to the announcement, whether red, and the color win or lose, and he has sent home two thousand pounds. He may be a green Scotchman, after all, for he is playing on. In any case, he is commendable for neither smiling nor joking. Smiles and jokes are indecorous when you win, and an outrage to nature, cadaverous, when you lose. A Maltese, who became celebrated last year for his singular fortune in "breaking the bank," used to signalize a fresh deal with a remark to the croupier, perhaps in kindness, to relieve the extreme monotony of the official's occupation. The charitableness of this may be measured when we reflect that no business can be more frightfully dull than that of doling out and raking in gold and bank-notes, dispensing Fortune's favors and dealing her blows everlastingly, without a particle of interest in the proceedings. It might rank among DANTE's curses. Consider the atmosphere it is performed in. Slaves condemned to labor in gangs in the mines of Mexico could hardly have breathed a more mephitic heat than do these poor noddies, to whom the resort is an Armida's bower, a Circe's garden. Many classes of gamblers are not above suspicion in the matter of cleanliness. They are all evaporating for twelve long hours around the green table, and you will find some of them sitting through a good part of the time pallid, moist. The fascination of the attempt to get what does not belong to you must account for it. This is the great danger of gaming. Whether victim or victor, the man or woman who has once felt the influence of the malign charm is rarely able to shake it off. The quality of money won at play is to retain the fever of the struggle. It will not be quiet. Still it remembers its creative strife. Like the mares of the Camargue sung of by Mistral in Mireio, it sniffs the scent of the Cursaal from afar, and some fatal day breaks boundary, carrying its rider, whether he will or no, to the coveted spot.

HEAVY ODDS.

"SAY what you will of it in the harsh daytime, this delicious moonlight certainly shows the Academy well," said Miss Gilbert, and turned as she spoke, that her companion's eyes might verify her criticism.

"Like most other things, the Academy justifies the philosophy of reserve," Mr. Thornton answered, after a minute's careless survey. "It is certainly improved by the discreet concealments of moonlight."

"It looks—just beautiful!" cried Miss Isabel, wheeling her friend sharply round with a whimsical air of proprietorship which he did not seem to find disagreeable. Then she went on, pouting, half in earnest and half laughing, "You make it a point to disagree with me. If I should ask you if this were not a lovely, a delicious, a most serene and heavenly evening, as it is, you would look up at that cloudless blue expanse, at the white lustre of the moon—you would bare your forehead to these sweet breezes, and *then* tell me that the east wind is blowing hard, and we shall certainly have rain before we reach Brooklyn."

The young lady spoke these words in a tone of the most vivacious disgust. Mr. Thornton smiled a little; he placed Miss Isabel's hand more comfortably on his arm, and they walked on.

The exhibition had been a success; at least in the matter of affording a pleasant gathering-place where people could display their smattering of art knowledge, gaining perhaps several new *phrases de technique* for future effect; where pretty women could see the reflection of their beauty in the mirror of the public eye; where intellectual women might display their cultivation with an agreeable sense of dispensing sweetness on air by no means desert; where ardent art missionaries in gros grain and diamonds had talked chiaro-oscuro and middle distance and perspective—"aerial *and* terrestrial," as I heard one express it—and had still preserved a saving sense of the difference between the rubbish they were chattering and the Coptic Scriptures. And now the doors were closed; and in the serene, picturesque mingling of moonlight and lamp-light the visitors were dispersing to their several homes—among these being our two pilgrims remotely bound, and having the perilous passage of the East River between themselves and dream-land. Reaching Broadway they paused on the corner.

"Dear me! I don't see a stage," said Miss Isabel.

"If you are patient, you will probably have that pleasure," Mr. Thornton remarked, with his usual sententiousness, settling himself comfortably with the aid of his cane to await the desired transportation.

"How nice to be so excessively wise!" pouted Miss Isabel. "However, yonder comes one. Shall we walk to meet it? It is so stupid to stand waiting!"

They walked on—very slowly. The night *was* delicious! But they were rather silent. The little reminiscent smile on Miss Isabel's lips and in her down-bent eyes seemed to suggest the employment of her thoughts on some pleasant past events of the evening. Mr. Thornton, on the contrary, gazing contentedly down upon his pretty charge, seemed rather occupied with the present, and disinclined to try the chances of conversation in disturbing it.

Presently the stage-driver signaled them.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Miss Isabel, *sotto voce*, lifting her dainty skirts preparatively. "For my part, I am nearly dead!"

"For mine, I never felt life more pleasant," said Mr. Thornton, detaining her. "Shall we not walk on to the next stage?"

Meantime the stage-driver drew up his horses.

"Walk on!" cried Miss Isabel, in amazement, and standing in the moonlight a very pretty picture of that emotion, with one little foot on the curb-stone and the other (equally little) off. "Why, suppose the last boat has gone when we reach the ferry, I shall certainly throw myself into the river!"

"You will then afford me the infinite pleasure of taking you out," said Mr. Thornton.

"But you see—" began Miss Isabel.

"This is the express line," remarked the stage-driver, with calm irony; "we only waits 'arf an hour at the cross streets."

"You can drive on," said Mr. Thornton, assisting the passive Miss Isabel back to the pavement; "we are not coming."

I fear that this driver was of an unsympathetic, prosaic nature. His reply was emphatic and succinct, but not polite. However, it amused the two gentlemen passengers. They had been looking down and smiling benignly on Miss Isabel during the foregoing dialogue, and they now leaned from the window, laughing and waving a gracious adieu.

"How provoking you are!" said the young lady, really annoyed. "How could you make me an object of attention like that?"

"Heaven was beforehand with me in making you an object of attention," said Mr. Thornton; and then added, seriously, after a little hesitation, "I beg you will pardon me, Miss Isabel. The truth is, I have something to say to you which is important, to me at least, and the present seems a sufficiently fitting time. Will you allow me to proceed?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered, loftily. "It is more agreeable talking than saying nothing. And since I *must* walk, why, you may go on."

Notwithstanding the tone of this gracious permission, Miss Isabel was already quite mollified. The night was lovely; she liked her companion, and felt his liking for her to be very flattering. For in spite of his years—nearly double her own—in spite of that manner of stately courtesy, which is as much out of date as the costume of Nebuchadnezzar—in spite of the silver hair streaking his black locks—in spite even of his great wealth and eminent position, Miss Isabel numbered among her many admirers not one with whom she felt herself so well at home and so well pleased to feel so.

However free her august permission, Mr. Thornton did not take immediate advantage of it. He cleared his throat once or twice, and still paused. Miss Gilbert glanced up in surprise; and the unusual gravity of his face had the immediate effect of quite sobering hers. Her heart beat a little faster, but her soul was far from prophetic.

"Miss Gilbert—" began the gentleman, finally.

"'*Miss Gilbert!*' good gracious! what is the matter?" thought the young lady.

"If you will do me the honor to remember, I have had the pleasure of being known to you since you were quite a child," he said.

"Ever since I was born," murmured Miss Isabel, politely, to assist him.

"And I think I may say without vanity that I have reason to believe that I am not wholly indifferent to you?"

"Indeed you may!" cried Miss Isabel, with sincere warmth. "You know I feel almost as if you were my father! Why in the world do you talk so?"

And why in the world did suddenly a burning flush seize and devour Miss Isabel, neck and cheek and brow? She thought, "He is going to lecture me about David Stuart! I feel it! And I shall be frank for once, and confess that I am *not* flirting with David Stuart at all!"

After that rather stunning compliment of Miss Gilbert's they walked nearly a square in complete silence. One stage passed them, and neither noticed it. Then said Mr. Thornton;

"Your remark that you feel almost as if I were your father, Miss Isabel, while it gratifies me with the knowledge that I possess your confidence and some measure of your affection, renders it rather difficult for me to conclude what I had to say; however—"

"Pray don't mind it," said Miss Isabel, gently; her head was hanging down, and her cheeks were still burning. "I will tell *you* any thing!" There was an accent almost of tenderness in her voice, for she was still thinking of David Stuart. But unhappily Mr. Thornton did not know that.

A little re-assured, he said, plumply, and rather grimly too, "Thank you. Tell me, then, Miss Isabel, if I may hope that you will ever consent to become my wife?"

Miss Isabel drew her hand spasmodically from the arm upon which it rested; she gasped in the sharp fashion of the victim of a douche bath in winter. And stock-still she stood, gazing, bewildered, with wide eyes and a rather terrified face.

Another thought now struck chill to her heart: it was mamma! She grew extremely pale, and trembled.

Mr. Thornton's smile was rather a sad one. In truth, he a little anticipated his answer, and he loved her.

"Well?" he said at last, gently replacing her hand; "can you not answer me? Can you not let me know at once whether I am to be—"

Miss Isabel stopped him here, but only to gasp his name, to pause, and burst out crying.

"To-morrow, then," said Mr. Thornton, soothingly.

"Please hear me now," she contrived to articulate.

"Don't agitate yourself," said Mr. Thornton, speaking as one having authority, but with the utmost tenderness. "There is another stage. We had better take it, indeed, for it is growing quite late."

Being a wise man, it is *just possible* that Mr. Thornton also remembered mamma.

So they entered the stage, which creaked and groaned and crept and rattled madly over the stones, after the wont of stages; but Miss Isabel was aware of nothing except a black coat sleeve which her downcast eyes took in in spite of themselves; even when they came to that inevitable headlong, wild rush down Whitehall Street, so calculated to make one reflect with gasping satisfaction upon the good and remorsefully to deplore the evil of one's career, Miss Isabel neither saw, nor felt, nor heeded aught else than that same black outline, to her diseased fancy like some hovering bird of prey, ready at any moment to seize and devour her.

"I see there is still a light in the drawing-room," he said, having rung the bell, in order to say something commonplace before parting.

"Yes," murmured Miss Isabel, in a tone so faint and unhappy that it would have suited a dying confession of mortal guilt; "yes, mamma always sits up for me—that is, at least, she does generally." Then, chokingly, "Won't you come in, Mr. Thornton?"

"At twelve?" said Mr. Thornton, smiling. He felt very sorry for the poor child, really. "I think I shall not trouble you again before to-morrow afternoon, Miss Isabel. With your permission I shall do myself the pleasure to see you then." And before reply was possible he had bidden her good-night, and was gone.

Miss Isabel paused at the parlor door, and looked in timidly.

Her faithful mamma sat in a deep arm-chair, beside a table upon which a lamp was burning. A book lay open upon her knees, and, with her hands folded on it, and her head reclining comfortably on one side, Mrs. Gilbert slept the sleep of the just—innocent and audible. Certainly there was nothing so formidable in her appearance that her daughter need have stood outside trembling, hesitating whether to wake her and kiss her and fly, leaving coming events unheralded, leaving herself free to follow her own unbiased inclination, or whether to come in and fall down on her knees beside her mother and sob out all her troubles, and beg her not to let Mr. Thornton's excellent thousands outweigh the virtues of David Stuart's youth and beauty and— And what? Why, *of course*, he was as talented and good and brave and generous as he was young and handsome!

I profess I can see no necessity for Miss Gilbert's confession at all, seeing that she was firmly resolved to discard her elderly suitor. Yet I don't know that she entirely wished to forego it. Ye who know the soundings of that silent sea—a woman's heart—dive down into its depths and find the motives of which she was herself unaware! Meantime fate decided for her, as it will for all of us who have sense and patience enough to be quiet—and wait.

She dropped her fan at the same moment that a scrap of wandering thunder, in the shape of some great black-winged, whirring bug, blundered against Mrs. Gilbert's nose. Mrs. Gilbert rubbed her nose, and woke up and saw her daughter. Miss Isabel came forward.

"Dear me, Isabel!" said mamma; "why, how late you have staid! If it had not been for this beautiful poem I really think I should have fallen asleep. But this would have kept awake *any body* who had a soul. Where is Mr. Thornton?"

Miss Isabel said he was gone, and blushed. Mamma was thinking her own thoughts—puzzled thoughts, too, however—and did not see the blush. Mrs. Gilbert lifted the tassel of the lamp mat and twisted it round once or twice abstractedly; then, without looking up, she remarked that David Stuart had been there during the evening, and paused, but not as if her sentence were complete. Her air was singularly doubtful and considerate—singularly so for Mrs. Gilbert. For that lady was one of those small, compactly made, fair-haired women, with a good square forehead and a rather full contour of jaw, who are not often troubled with doubt in any thing. Mamma, too, had had some experiences this evening, and had waited with a purpose; and presently, with an accession of resolution, she looked up decidedly to carry it into effect. But the sight of Isabel's face—tears were not so becoming to her as to most heroines—quite startled her.

"You have been crying, Isabel," she exclaimed; "what is the matter?"

At her mother's words some pretty impulse made the girl turn suddenly and kiss her loving lips with a sort of affectionate despair. Then she sat down on the floor, and laid her face on her mother's lap, and, as in duty bound, cried again.

Mrs. Gilbert was seriously alarmed. "Tell me at once, what is the matter," she said. "I never knew you to behave so strangely."

"I'm going to, mamma," whimpered the poor victim of her own charms—"I am, indeed. You see—mamma—Mr. Thornton—"

"Well, Mr. Thornton what?" A silence, during which Mrs. Gilbert attentively regarded her daughter. "Well?" said Mrs. Gilbert again, after waiting a reasonable time.

"Mamma, did you say David Stuart was here this evening?"

"Yes, I said so. What has that to do with Mr. Thornton and your tears? You are not crying because you did not see David Stuart?"

"Mamma!" with an indignation that, taken along with her tears, nearly choked her. Then, suddenly, "Mamma, you *do* love me, don't you? And you want me to be happy in my own way, do you not?"

"Isabel, you are talking ridiculously," said her mother, at once annoyed and alarmed. "Tell me immediately whatever you have to tell me. It can not be possible that—"

She stopped, struck through the heart with a sudden horror. You perceive, she had suspected some hidden penchant on her daughter's part for this unhappy David Stuart; and she had waited to-night to cure it—harshly, alas! but surely—with the news which the rash, unlucky David had imparted to her. Nothing less, indeed, than that he had "run away" with and married a certain penniless beauty, and, being rather a feeble-kneed youth, had come to beg Mrs. Gilbert's assistance in breaking the matter to his family. His manner in recounting this history had struck Mrs. Gilbert at the time as being singularly confused and unhappy, and she had noticed that he avoided mentioning the name of the lady. Fancy what horrible suspicion contracted her heart with a spasm of anguish! A deep flush swept over her face, and retreated, leaving her pallid as death, cold as stone, and harder than adamant. She lifted her hand as if to put her daughter from her, but controlled the impulse, and spoke on. And what a tone! looking down upon that graceful head, meantime, with the keenest scrutiny and expectation—with eyes that anticipated agony, but that would never soften with submission.

"You ask me if I love you, Isabel; and it is a strange question from you. I love you so well as to be able to forgive you *any thing*—except *treachery*. Lift up your face, Isabel, and look at me."

The young lady did not need a second bidding. She gazed into her mother's face in blank amazement, her tear-washed eyes wide open, and fixed in wonder upon those that looked down as though to penetrate the uttermost recesses of her most secret thoughts.

"*Treachery*, mamma!" That was all she could articulate.

"Ay, treachery," said Mrs. Gilbert, sternly. "Can it be that you wish to tell me that, despite all my love, my devotion, my hopes for you, my confidence in you, you have made me the base and bitter return of falsehood and deceit? that you have—"

Miss Isabel rose from her knees, and looked gently down upon her mother, with real but most unassuming dignity.

"What I wished to tell you, mamma," she said, "was only that Mr. Thornton had done me the honor to-night to ask me to be his wife; and—and I wanted to ask you to consider—*every thing*, mamma—before you advised me what to do."

Her eyes fell, and Miss Isabel blushed charmingly. Over Mrs. Gilbert's face swept, too, a crimson tide of confusion; her glance in turn sank beneath her daughter's. She was thoroughly ashamed of her suspicion, and her softened heart suffused her eyes for a moment as she thought of the pain which her communication was likely to inflict. She said, hastily,

"My daughter, I beg your pardon sincerely. My love for you rendered me absurd. The truth is"—she *could* not look at her daughter, and for her sake she *would* not hesitate while she felt the momentary moral courage necessary to pain her for her good—"the truth is, David Stuart told me to-night that he had been clandestinely married; and for one crazy minute I almost thought—"

Mamma did not say what. The poor girl's nerves were unstrung by the too quickly conflicting emotions of the evening; she uttered one low little cry, and *trembled* into the nearest chair. Her face was quite white, her eyes closed. Mrs. Gilbert rose, and got quickly some camphor and a glass of water. She held the one to Miss Isabel's lips, the other to her nostrils. And when the rose tints came creeping back to the pretty cheeks, she said, like the tender, sensible mother she was, "My dear, you have over-exerted yourself to-day. I have known you to faint several times from fatigue, and after your long walk this morning I should not have allowed you to go out to-night. You must take better care of yourself. And now, my daughter, come at once to bed."

And being, as I said, a truly sensible mother, she left my stricken dove at the door of her own room without a single hint of sympathy or of comprehension.

And shall *I*, then, dissect the griefs, publish the self-contempt, unclose the wounds of "mis-prized love" that wrung poor Isabel's heart that bitter night? No, truly! Safe, for me, shall be her sacred, secret tears. Only be sure that honest pride and common-sense did not leave her to weep quite unreproved nor unconsoled. And when she came down next day her mother's anxious but covert scrutiny assured her that she had been fully justified in leaving the young lady to her own reflections.

Nothing whatever was said in reference to the further trial awaiting her that day. Whatever *madame mère* might have wished, it was obviously impossible in humanity to counsel the acceptance of one lover while the tears were not yet dry that witnessed to the faithlessness of another. Mrs. Gilbert sighed mentally, and reviewed with a sort of melancholy satisfaction the thousand excellences of Mr. Thornton's stocks and bonds. But, being very wise in her day and generation, she said not one word.

"Time and the hour run through the roughest day;" and four o'clock heard Mr. Thornton's ring, and witnessed the brilliant flushing of Miss Isabel's cheeks as she received his card, and rose. At that grim instant her heart somehow failed her. She turned timidly to her mamma, who was placidly sewing near her.

"Mamma," she said, rather faintly, "won't you go instead of me?"

"I think not, my dear," answered mamma, without looking up.

"But, mamma—"

"No, my dear. The truth is, Isabel, that while I would not—not for worlds!—say a word that might influence you, I can not be insensible to the fact that men of Mr. Thornton's stamp—of his excellent heart, of his cultivation, and perfect gentlemanhood, to say nothing of his great wealth and admirable social position—are met but seldom. And it would give me too great pain to refuse for you what I believe would constitute your entire earthly happiness. No, my dear; you must see Mr. Thornton yourself."

And mamma sighed, and sewed busily on.

Miss Isabel descended the staircase very slowly, very thoughtfully, pausing perhaps as much as a minute on the landing, her little hand sliding before her down the balustrade. And, since one can feel "an eternity in an instant," and can think encyclopedias in the same space, she was a little undecided, after all.

Mr. Thornton came forward without the smallest embarrassment in the world, shook hands in the coolest, friendliest fashion, and reseated himself, making, as he did so, some original remark touching thermometrical matters.

Miss Isabel blushed, as if *that* were an embarrassing subject, and thought it was not so pleasant as yesterday.

"Not so pleasant as last night, assuredly," said Mr. Thornton, quietly; but there was that in the intonation that Miss Isabel felt was the prelude to more serious matters.

The blood so rushed to her head that for a moment she was quite giddy. And when the receding tide left her cheeks white and her hands cold she looked so faint and ill that in very pity Mr. Thornton spoke without further preamble, as one in mercy crushes some fluttering, wounded insect.

And while he was uttering the few necessary phrases a sudden illuminating instinct showed Miss Isabel what was best. She was as far from reasoning the matter out as a spider is from an equation. But her results were as perfect. Something whispered, Tell him the truth.

And she did it.

She lifted those lovely eyes of hers, all glistening with tears, that became her pale cheeks and quivering lips. She said, "I feel the honor that you do me; very much I feel it, Mr. Thornton. I like you so much that I might even deceive myself and fancy I love you, if—if I had not loved some one else, who does not love me," said my brave little girl, steadfastly but very tremblingly.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Thornton; and he said it with an appearance of concern, and yet with not so much as the occasion might have seemed to warrant. He took her hand and stroked it soothingly.

Something in the action touched Miss Isabel. She burst into tears; she sobbed heart-brokenly; she thought her heart *was* broken; but whether for what she had missed or for what she was casting away from her she could hardly have told.

Somehow—it is impossible to be exact in these matters—somehow her head was resting presently on Mr. Thornton's shoulder, and he was pushing gently from her temples the disordered hair.

"Tell me all about it, my child," he said, sympathetically, and there hovered about his wily lips a smile of satisfaction which my poor, unsuspecting little heroine could not see.

"I will," she murmured, with her handkerchief at her eyes. "It was—it was David Stuart. I thought he loved me. He almost said so, and I am sure he behaved so. And last night he came to tell mamma that he had been privately married to somebody else, and he wanted her to tell his father."

"Poor child! poor little girl!" said Mr. Thornton, still stroking her soft hair. His voice was full of commiseration; she could not see his eyes.

After a little pause—"But I have little to regret in such a person as *that*, after all," remarked Miss Isabel.

"But if you *loved* him," interrupted her suitor.

"*If* I loved him!" cried Miss Isabel, animatedly, raising her head. "I *thought* I did *once*; but now—" She paused and turned scarlet.

"But *now*," said Mr. Thornton, smiling.

Shall I go on? Oh no! Good reader, you have only to remember.

GREAT HAWK AND SMALL MORMON.

THE sketch on page 941 represents a scene in the Far West. Like all savages, Indians are fond of adorning themselves. This passion comes out curiously in many ways. If you visit those natives who are found near the outposts and forts, you will be amused to see how fond they are—the men, if any thing, more than the women, for here truly they are the lords of creation—of ostentatious apparel. They seize with the greatest eagerness on every article of dress which has bright and varied colors to be procured from their white acquaintances; and he who obtains the prize of an old many-tinted shawl, or a "flashy" waistcoat, is a proud and happy man, envied by all his camp. He hastens blithely to his tent, loses no time in donning his new gimcrack, puts it on in the most ludicrous and fantastic manner possible, pins feathers here and there, and hangs every old coin and medal which he has picked up in one way and another upon it—then struts forth the oddest dandy of the forest it is possible to imagine. The airs which he puts on are as ridiculous as the costume itself, and the effect, when one considers who and what he is, hard to be realized by one who has not witnessed it. Sometimes these travesties assume a more complex form. Behold the "Great Hawk" emerging from his tent. On his head is a very old and shabby silk hat, with a piece of tattered crape wound about it; some feathers are fastened horizontally across the top and lap over the sides. The long straight hair is "crimped"—as the young ladies would say—so as to form a sort of thick hairy circle round the head underneath the hat brim; a hairy cushion for this unique crown. In either ear is a large round hoop of an ear-ring made of brass, while a variegated shawl trails over the shoulder. The legs are perfectly naked, the feet incased in a pair of moccasins of many-colored beads. Two long twisted braids of hair hang down on either side over the breast; and never peacock strutted with more inflated pride. When such an Indian fop has a fine figure and physique and well-made limbs, the effect is yet more ludicrous. "The most offensive Indian fop," says a recent writer, "is found among the male relatives of some Indian belle, who can claim connection by marriage with a white man, especially if he is the owner of a 'store,' or does business with a fur company. At all seasons of the year these 'relatives' make a hungry train of expectants, who hang upon their relationship to the white man, and become, even more than formerly, vain and worthless."

CURIOSITIES OF CHIROGRAPHY.

SUPPOSING Sir Philip Francis and "Junius" to represent a couple of individuals, what a curious and perplexing question arises upon Mr. Chabot's comparison of their MS.! Here are two men with precisely the same tricks of style, the same peculiarities of punctuation, the same habits of dating their letters, of interpolating words in their MS., of correcting their proofs; and doing this, too, not only when writing in a feigned hand, but even when writing naturally and without the remotest thought of mystification. Taking the MS. of the Junian letters and comparing it under a microscope with the MS. of Sir Philip Francis, Mr. Chabot tells us that there are ten distinct and most suggestive circumstances of identity between the two handwritings: 1. The mode of dating letters. 2. The placing of a full stop after the salutation. 3. The mode of signing initials between two dashes. 4. Writing in paragraphs. 5. Separating paragraphs by dashes placed between them at their commencement. 6. Invariable attention to punctuation. 7. The enlargement of the first letters of words. 8. The insertion of omitted letters in the line of writing, and not above it, and the various modes of correcting miswriting. 9. Mode of abbreviating words, and abbreviating the same words. 10. Misspelling certain specified words. And yet we have it distinctly asserted by men of the highest authority that the MSS. which contain all these characteristic marks were not only written by two distinct men, but by two men who knew no more of each other than, say, the editor of the *Times* and Mr. Disraeli. Is this possible? And supposing it to be possible, how is it to be explained? By peculiarities of temperament, of genius, of intellect, of moral nature in common? And if this identity of handwriting does arise from resemblance of this sort, how far are we to suppose that handwriting is a key to the tone of a man's intellect or moral nature? It is a well-authenticated fact that a peculiar style of handwriting often runs in a family; and Lord Brougham used to maintain that handwriting was as hereditary as temper and feature, citing, in illustration, the close resemblance which his own handwriting bore to that of his grandfather, although his grandfather was in his grave when Brougham was born, and his father's handwriting was perfectly distinct in all its features from that of the grandfather and the son. Perhaps in the case of a man like Brougham, and in the case of all men of distinctly marked character, it may be easy to spell out their temperament and two or three other points from the lines and curves of their MS. But what about men with two or three styles of writing? Most men who are accustomed to write much have two styles—a style, say, for their private correspondence, and a style for the printer or for themselves. This was the case with Moore and Macaulay. Now and then you may meet men with three or four styles of handwriting. Melanchthon had four, all distinct, all strongly marked, yet never intermingling, and not adopted, like the hands of Moore and Macaulay, or "Junius," for the purpose of legibility or mystification, but from pure caprice, for he frequently adopted all four forms in the course of a single letter or article.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT is well known that within a few years past the condition of the Great Basin in the interior of North America, in regard to rain-fall, has varied materially, and that the percentage has been much more than heretofore; this fact being well established by the greater increase of the depth in Great Salt Lake, Pyramid Lake, and other localities. Regions which twenty years ago were dry, and occupied by dwellings or roads, are now many feet below the water. At the meeting of the California Academy of Science, held on the 7th of August last, Professor WHITNEY presented a communication, stating that this rise had been arrested, and that the level of the water was actually descending. Whether this be a permanent change, or whether another alternation will occur, can not, of course, be foretold. It is, however, well established by geologists that the Great Salt Lake at one time occupied its entire valley, and thus was of vastly greater extent than at present.

Attention is called in the New York *Herald* of September 2 to the occurrence in the vicinity of New York of the Pompano, or Crevallé (*Trachynotus carolinus*), a favorite delicacy among the fish of the South Atlantic and Gulf coast of the United States; and its presence is connected with a supposed increase of temperature in the waters of our shores, consequent upon the driving inward of the Gulf Stream by the prevailing southerly winds of this season. The range of this fish for the present summer extends far to the east of New York, quite considerable numbers having been taken in Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay. Although previously unknown of so large a size, it was not entirely a stranger to these waters, since it may be found in every season of moderate dimensions; and as long ago as 1855 Professor BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution, in a report upon the fishes of New Jersey, states that he had seen them taken by thousands in the sandy coves of the outer beach near Besley's Point. These, however, were all rather small, scarcely exceeding a quarter to half a pound in weight.

The Spanish mackerel, another fish to which the *Herald* article refers, has also been known much longer than is generally supposed. Dr. MITCHELL, in his work on the "Fishes of New York," published in 1817, gives it as of occasional occurrence; and it may be, after all, a question whether the greater frequency with which it is now seen does not depend on the improved methods of capture rather than upon any great degree of difference in abundance. During the present season it is less abundant on the New England coast, from Newport to Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay, than last year, although, to judge from the market price, it is taken much more largely nearer New York. We are informed that the price has ranged as low as ten cents a pound; while at Newport it has retailed at a dollar and even more. It is worth in the New Bedford market at the present time about thirty-five cents.

Among the many explorations now being prosecuted in the West, that of Lieutenant G. M. WHEELER, of the United States Engineers, to which we have already referred, bids fair to be one of the most important. This, as may be remembered, has for its object the exploration of certain little or not at all known portions of Arizona and Nevada, and is fitted out on such a scale as to promise important information, not only in regard to the topographical features of the country, but to its geological and biological character.

The latest advices from the party were from near Camp Independence, in California, where an astronomical station had been established, and the necessary preliminary observations almost completed. The expedition had been divided into several parties, which were to unite at Stump Springs, about the 1st of September, and about which time a boat expedition was to leave Camp Mohave, and proceed up the Colorado River to meet the main bodies, another division proceeding to St. George, Utah. The main party was to cross the Colorado about twenty or thirty miles east of the mouth of the Virgin River. The final result of this exploration will be looked forward to with much interest.

By letters received from Dr. HAYDEN, dated August 28, we learn that he had finished his survey of the Upper Yellow Stone, and had succeeded in constructing a map giving the contour of the Yellow Stone Lake, with its tributary waters. Every detail of its shore line for 175 miles had been mapped down, and its depths determined by careful soundings. The deepest water observed was 300 feet. Numerous determinations of the altitudes of the surrounding plateaus and hills had also been recorded; and, in short, the topography of the region had been thoroughly worked out, and all its physical features carefully ascertained. Over 600 springs, differing in their character, were located, and photographic and pencil sketches obtained of the geysers, mud springs, etc.

Having completed its labors in the vicinity of Yellow Stone Lake, the expedition was to leave Fort Ellis in a few days for the purpose of exploring a point on the Pacific Railroad near Fort Bridger. In addition to the peculiar geological and topographical work of the expedition, some new tertiary deposits, embracing fossil vertebrates, were found, some of them of much interest, and indicating the existence of species hitherto unrecorded. These have been forwarded to Professor LEIDY, and are now in his hands for examination.

Professor COPE, who appears quite indefatigable in his investigations among American cetaceans, has lately described a new species of whale from the West Indies. His attention had been drawn to the fact that whalers had been in the habit of capturing humpbacked whales off the coast of San Domingo and other portions of the Caribbean Sea, and he ultimately succeeded in obtaining a complete skeleton, which is now in the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia. After a careful examination he finds it to be an undescribed species, and names it *Megaptera bellicosa*.

But little is known of the habits of this species, although it is said to appear about the island of St. Bartholomew at the beginning of March, or even in February, and to remain till the end of May, when the sexes pair, and then disappear. On their return they frequently come in families, consisting of the two parents and the young. The male is wild, and more difficult to capture than the female, and has on several occasions been known to destroy the boats of its pursuers. In June they are said to go further into the Gulf of Mexico, and to return eastward in the autumn, but do not appear among the smaller Antilles at that time. It is supposed they pass the Straits of Florida, or follow the shores of the South Main. The statement that some whalers make in regard to their spending the middle of the winter on the African coast needs confirmation, in the opinion of the professor.

We have already referred to the proposed establishment of a meteorological station at the Azores, first urged by Mr. BUYS-BALLOT upon the Portuguese government; and we learn from a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences in Paris by this gentleman that he has entertained such an idea for a number of years, in connection with the transatlantic cable between America and Europe passing through these islands. Apart from the commercial value of such a cable, he thinks that the opportunities of anticipating the weather are of the utmost importance, as thereby notifying vessels about to sail from any European sea-port in regard to the propriety of such a step, and enabling them to determine the particular direction in which they should move.

We have already referred to the desire on the part of scientific men in England to induce the British Admiralty to organize a four years' naval expedition for the purpose of prosecuting deep-sea dredgings in different parts of the globe, and we now learn from the proceedings of the British Association that whenever a formal application to that effect is made by the Royal Society to the Admiralty a favorable view of the request will probably be taken.

In a recent article upon the bird trade of Germany with the rest of the world we are informed that the single firm of Messrs. REICHE, of Alfeld, are in the habit of shipping immense numbers of living birds to the United States, consisting mainly of canaries, but including also goldfinches, sparrows of every species, including the house-sparrow, larks, etc. Their shipments to this country during the year 1869 amounted to 26,000 canaries and 15,000 birds of other species, the total number of canaries exported by all the dealers to North America amounting probably to not less than 45,000 annually. The shipments generally begin in the month of August, with the first spring brood, and are continued uninterruptedly until April. These, in nearly all instances, have been carefully trained before shipment, and it is now possible for a few dollars to obtain birds that many years ago would have cost more than ten times that amount.

We have received the announcement, in the form so generally adopted in Europe at the decease of any prominent person (namely, that of a circular to all his correspondents), of the death of JEAN RIGACCI, at Rome, on the 11th of May last, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. This gentleman was favorably known in the United States as a conchologist of great industry, and very energetic in extending his relationships with fellow-workers elsewhere, in the way of correspondence and exchange. He left a valuable collection of shells, especially rich in the air-breathing univalves, which his brothers propose to keep up, as a monument of the deceased, and in accordance with their own tastes in that direction.

From present indications salted mackerel promise to be quite cheap this year as compared with last, the catch, on the whole, being much larger than in 1870. Different localities for fishing have varied considerably in their yield, the best results having been on St. George's Bank, where, although the fleet has been much larger than usual, nearly all have obtained full fares. It is said that No. 1 mackerel are selling at about $11 25 per barrel, being less than half the price they brought at this time last year.

It is furthermore stated that mackerel have set inshore from Halifax to the Gut of Canso in such quantity that hundreds of barrels are taken which can not be dressed on account of their number, and being very difficult to preserve, they have been thrown upon the fields in large quantities for manure. The fish are said to be large, and the occurrence of so great numbers has not been known before for many years.

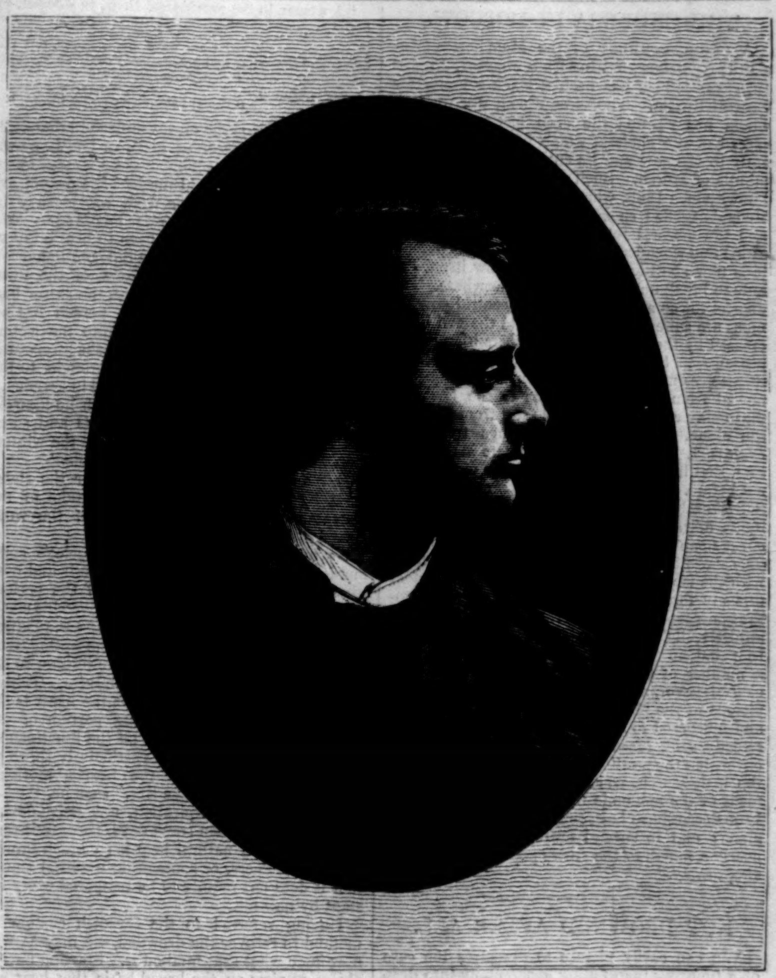
The Eighth Part of the beautiful work upon "North American Lepidoptera," by Mr. WILLIAM H. EDWARDS, commenced some years ago, embracing figures and descriptions of numerous little known or rare species of American butterflies, is now in press, and will shortly be delivered to subscribers. This number will contain the result of some important observations and determinations by Mr. EDWARDS upon the dimorphism of these insects; and among other points he will show that *Grapta interrogationis* and *G. fabricii* are one and the same species, as proved by the occurrence of both forms in a brood, raised from eggs of *G. interrogationis*, the dimorphism extending to both sexes.

A still greater complication is seen in the genus *Ajax*, where three forms—*A. marcellus*, *walshii*, and *telamonides*—persistent in both sexes, and supposed to be entirely distinct and without intermediate gradations, are shown to be polymorphous, one single setting of eggs in each producing all these varieties. This, of course, shows the importance of considering animal life in groups, and not as isolated objects, and of studying it in all stages of development, since it is only by the rearing of the butterflies from the egg that their true relationships were ascertained.

"STOP THIEF!"

"They no sooner heard the cry, than, guessing how the matter stood, they issued forth with great promptitude; and, shouting 'Stop Thief!' too, joined in the pursuit like *Good Citizens*."—"Oliver Twist."

ANDREW H. GREEN, THE NEW DEPUTY-CONTROLLER.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, 785 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]



REV. ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER, D.D., PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. E. CHURCHILL, 520 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.]

THE NEW DEPUTY-CONTROLLER.

THE appointment of Mr. ANDREW H. GREEN, whose portrait is given on this page, to the important position of Deputy-Controller, was one that gave satisfaction to every honest citizen of New York, irrespective of party connections. His high repute, the character of his public services as a member of the Board of Education and as a Park Commissioner, were guarantees for the faithful and sagacious discharge of the delicate and responsible duties of his new position. Probably the appointment of no other man could have met with more general approval.

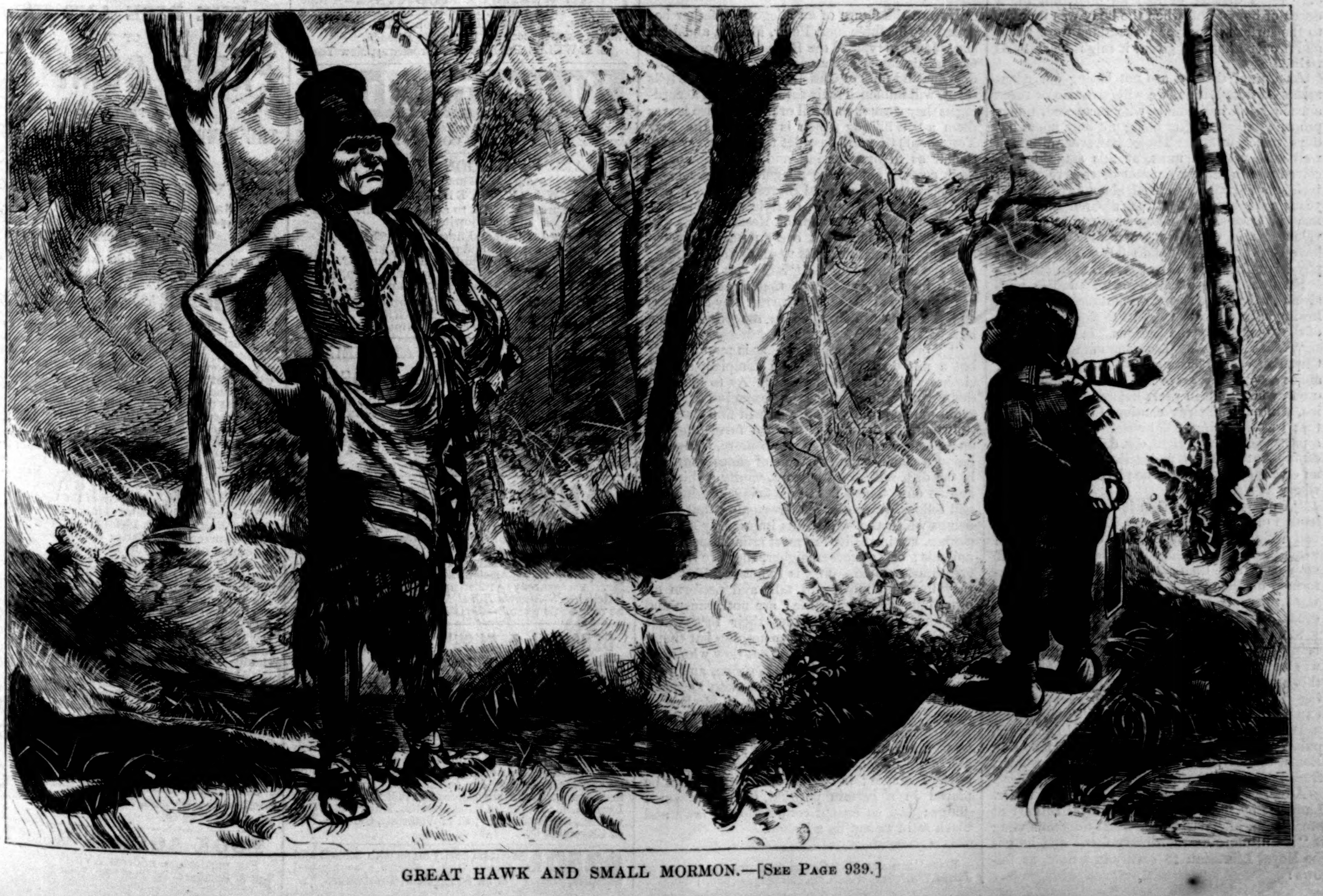
The peculiar circumstances under which Mr. GREEN was appointed were fully detailed in the last number of *Harper's Weekly*. The Mayor's attempt to interfere with the arrangement met with deserved reprobation from the honest journals of his own party as well as from the Republican press. Mr. GREEN possesses the full confidence of the public; and while he controls the finance bureau his reputation will command the credit necessary for its current expenses. He will prevent the removal or destruction of tell-tale records; he will guard against further misappropriations of the public money; and no one doubts that he will diligently investigate the present condition of the Treasury and the debt, and spare no effort to collect evidence against the men who have so shamelessly defrauded the people.

DR. POTTER, PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.

THE Rev. ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER, D.D., the newly elected President of Union College, is now a clergyman at Troy, and was formerly Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Lehigh University. He is a very young man for the place, being but little over thirty years of age. He is a grandson of the Rev. Dr. NOTT, who was president of the college for nearly sixty years, and under whom it obtained the greatest success. He is a son of the late Bishop POTTER, who was himself distinguished for his interest and great services in the cause of education.

The newly elected president is the youngest of six brothers, the others of whom are CLARKSON N. POTTER, a lawyer of eminence practicing in this city, and the member of Congress from the Tenth District; HOWARD POTTER, of the house of BROWN BROTHERS & Co.; General ROBERT B. POTTER, of the Ninth Army Corps; EDWARD T. POTTER, an eminent architect; and the Rev. Dr. HENRY C. POTTER, of Grace Church.

He will bring to his important position the prestige of success, and the best wishes of a vast body of alumni firm in the belief that their college has always turned out the most practical and successful men in the country. A man of rare classical attainments and experience, he will doubtless fulfill the most sanguine expectations of his friends.



GREAT HAWK AND SMALL MORMON.—[SEE PAGE 939.]

THE CHOLERA IN MOSCOW.

A correspondent of the Manchester (England) *Examiner*, writing from Moscow, August 12, says: "This has been a black summer for Central Russia. The same warm, dry weather which has ripened the corn has fostered the spread of the cholera, which has clung persistently to Moscow and its environs ever since the middle of March. Such a summer has not been known since 1866, when the fashionables of St. Petersburg fled *en masse* before the destroyer, and the hospital returns were like the lists of killed and wounded after a battle. The epidemic is now abating slightly in Moscow itself, but only to break out with fresh fury elsewhere. The district towns and villages of the central government are suffering grievously, and the evil is increased by the ignorance and superstition of the peasantry. So strong is their aversion to place themselves under medical treatment, or to be removed from their own houses to the hospital, that many cases have proved fatal from this reason alone. This prejudice springs from two causes: 1. The fatalist belief, innate in the Russian, that he must die when his time comes, and not before. 2. The fact that the remedies which tell favorably when applied to the softer inhabitants of the towns often produce a deleterious effect upon the rugged organization of the *bona fide* 'Mujik'—a phenomenon which, coupled with the fact that the majority of provincial doctors are foreigners, is in the eyes of the ignorant peasant a sufficient proof of poisoning. So strongly, indeed, has this absurd idea taken root that, in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, a number of German physicians in one of the central governments, who had excited the suspicions of the peasantry, were actually set upon and murdered to a man. At present, as I have already said, Moscow itself is beginning to recover, but the pestilence has left its mark. Since the 13th March, when the first serious development of the epidemic took place, no fewer than 1738 deaths have been registered by the hospitals alone; and in several of the adjacent villages nearly a fourth of the entire population has been swept away."

NOT DROWNED AFTER ALL.

We can easily picture to ourselves the case of a timorous man falling accidentally into deep water. With him there would be no struggling, no coming up to the surface and going down again; the shock having thrown him into a swoon, he would go down with his lungs full of air; in fact, in the best state possible for existing under water, as, from the air within, but a small portion of fluid would find its way by the mouth and nostrils toward the stomach, which could only compress the air a little round the heart and lungs. These, through his being insensible, are only acting feebly, while gradually, from the cold, his legs, arms—in fact, all except those organs on which life principally depends—are numbed and dead.

The heart and lungs, however, of the unconscious being manage to retain their vitality from the air that surrounds them, on the top of which floats the water, which one inhalation would carry downward, and cause instant death. A man thus situated might remain immersed not only for a quarter or half an hour, but for a dozen of hours, and when the body was brought to the surface, if proper precautions were taken and proper attention given, it might be restored to life.

As a proof that we are not basing our arguments on supposition, we will give two or three anecdotes of individuals who recovered, under proper treatment, after being not only hours but days under water. These, however, although well authenticated, must, at this stage, be received with a certain amount of reserve, as the incidents narrated occurred about two hundred years ago; but we may feel assured that there must be a considerable degree of truth and marvelousness in the facts, when they happen to have been noted down and published by different physicians, who were strangers to each other.

Dr. Joel Langelot, an eminent Swedish physician in the last century, communicated the following extraordinary account to the "Secretary of the Academy of the Curious," in Germany:

"When I was at Tronningholm, where the Queen of Sweden has a palace, I saw a gardener, about sixty-five years of age, and still pretty vigorous, who, eighteen years before, going over the ice, without sufficient caution, to assist a man that was drowning, fell himself in the water at a part where it was eight ells deep, and remained full sixteen hours under the ice, his body in an erect position, before the place was discovered where he was.

"I questioned the man if he had any recollection of what had occurred, and he told me he had a kind of indistinct idea of being frightened when he tumbled in, of his limbs becoming stiff with cold, and then all was a blank. He informed me also that the doctor told him afterward, when he was taken out of the water, a great bubble of air issued out of his mouth, and it was this, without doubt, that kept him from being suffocated. He likewise described how he was at once covered over with a sheet, and in this condition warmed gently before a fire, adding that 'drowned persons never recover when exposed too soon to the open air.'"

Dr. Boerhaave, in his "Academical Lectures," published at Leyden in 1760 by his pupil, Van Eems, relates the same case of this gardener, from the authority of John Nicholas Pechlin.

A more surprising instance was related to Dr. Langelot by the keeper of the Royal Library at Stockholm, M. Tilasius, the worthy doctor styling it "a still more extraordinary fact," and he got the Royal Librarian to certify in a note, as follows:

"A woman in the province of Dalia, in Sweden, by name Margaret Larsdotter, fell three different times of her life into water. The first time, when she was very young, she remained three days under water, but the two other times she had more speedy assistance. This woman died, aged seventy-five, in 1672.

"(Signed) M. Tilasius,
"Royal Librarian of Stockholm."

But now comes the most wonderful tale of all, and which had better be given in Dr. L.'s own words:

"Still, what was told me by M. Burnam, on his return to Stockholm from his journey in West Gothland, seems quite incredible. He says that having by chance been to hear a funeral sermon on the death of an old gentleman of seventy, by name Laurence Jona, of the town of Boness, and parish of Pithovia, the rector had assured the assembly that this person having fallen, at the age of seventeen, into the water, was not drawn out until seven weeks afterward, and yet had the good hap to be brought to life by the same means as are practiced in Sweden."

Dr. L. continues that, "although he himself was aware of the example of insects and some birds remaining in a torpid state all the winter, yet can hardly believe the fact possible."

Nor do we; and only account for the statement by putting it down to a mistake of the clergyman's, who had made use of the word "weeks" instead of days or hours.

As might be expected, Dr. Langelot's communications caused a considerable stir and controversy among the philosophers of the period. Some were incredulous; others believed his statements, and received them as facts. Dr. Godfrey Schubert, physician, of Bregents, accepting them as such, endeavored, in a series of letters, to account for their seeming improbabilities. Taking his ground on the principle that the heart is the first living and the last dying portion of our bodies, he argued, next, that all the functions of the system corporeal, and particularly those of the lungs, depended on the heart's motions. "A person may therefore live," says he, "without any sensible respiration, not only during some hours, but even some days, because it may happen that the natural heat is so much diminished by sickness, or some other external cause, that it does not require to be tempered every instant by new air."

Having referred to the Swedish custom or method to recover the drowned, we may as well now state what that method is. Starting for the object in view on the broad basis that heat applied suddenly to any animal in a state of insensibility from cold would be a fatal mistake, and that to expose a body suddenly to the influence of the atmosphere, which for hours had been shrouded from the air, would be equally so, they proceed in their efforts, strictly acting up to their opinions. The instant a body is taken out of the water it is covered completely over with sheets or blankets, and, thus guarded from the atmosphere, it is gradually moved into a warmer place, where it is plied with hot flannels, friction, and the like for several hours. When the motion of blood in the body, which had been so long stagnant, gives signs of returning, their exertions are continued cautiously until the person comes round, when cordials and other medicines are given to complete the cure.

"CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN."

Under the figure of an allegory, a father bequeaths to his three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack (by whom are typified the Roman, Lutheran, and Calvinistic sectaries), a coat each (signifying the doctrine and faith of Christianity), which, he tells them, will influence their future fortunes, according as they wear them, well or ill. He also leaves them a "Will" (by which is intended the New Testament) that will instruct them in every particular as to the wearing and management of their coats. Under the allegory of these coats he makes a fine satirical digression, which evidently suggested to Mr. Carlyle the subject of his celebrated work, "Sartor Resartus." Swift originated the idea that every nature is recognized and estimated by its vestment or clothing; that the universe is but a "large suit of clothes, which invests every thing; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the primum mobile." He adds:

"To conclude from all, What is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather, a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order toward furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt?—and so on. These postulata being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning that those beings which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifest that they live and move and talk and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty and wit and mien and breeding their inseparable proprieties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up Parliament, coffee, and play houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain and a red gown and a white rod and a great horse, it is called a Lord Mayor; if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop."

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DIAMOND SETTING.

This art, irrespective of ornamentation, has received important modifications of late years. The Indian method was to imbed the stones precisely like glaziers' diamonds. Medieval rings are of this character; but the brilliancy of the gem was lost. A collar of metal was raised around the stone and worked down to the gem. Rose diamonds being then much in vogue, this was not so objectionable. Considerable pressure having to be exerted, the edges of the stone were sometimes broken, and many heirlooms show these fractures. The fault in this method was that it gave opportunity for fraud. Bad color and flaws could be concealed by placing foil under the stones. The present plan of mounting the diamond with claws gives perfect security, at the same time preventing deception. There is, however, a duration to all things. Constant friction may in time damage the most careful setting. It is a wise precaution on the part of those wearing jewels to have them examined every two years. A moment's inspection by the expert determines whether a stone is safe; and, if it requires securing, the expense is trifling. It is exactly on questions of this nature that we refer with pleasure to Messrs. Starr & Marcus, of No. 22 John Street (up stairs), whose knowledge of every detail of the jewelers' art enables them at a glance to determine any fault. We believe that many of our fair readers, by consulting these gentlemen, can save themselves from annoyance and loss.—[*Com.*]

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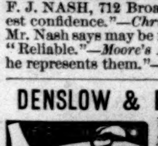

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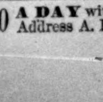

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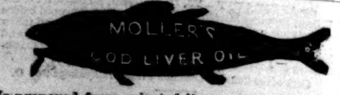

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THE MODERN LAOCOON.

OUR artist has made an adaptation of the famous group of statuary in the Vatican representing Laocoön and his sons struggling in the serpents' coils, as an apt and striking illustration of the power of the newspaper press, displayed in crushing the infamous Ring which has so long held almost undisputed control of New York. It is only a short time—it seems but yesterday—since the "Boss," as he was called by his admirers, insolently defied public opinion, and when complaint was made of his conduct, coolly remarked, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" He would probably like to know, about this time, what *he* is "going to do about it!" For what public opinion and the courts have failed to do has been accomplished by a vigorous crusade by a portion of the press of this city against the intrenched corruptionists of the Tammany Ring.

There is no more signal instance in modern history of the power of moral influence exerted through the columns of an honest and independent press. When every other means had failed, when honest men of all parties had lost all hope of shaking off the shackles of the Ring for years to come, a single bold onslaught carried dismay and discomfiture into their ranks. Men who appeared to have lost all sense of shame, as well as even the remembrance of public virtue, quailed before the exposure of their villainies. The facts were so much worse than the report, so patent and undeniable, that even the effrontery of the Ring was at a loss. At first they affected to treat the whole matter as a joke, as something that would soon "blow over." Then they gave out that an easy explanation would soon appear, which would show that the exposures were no exposures at all. But week after week went by without bringing forth the promised explanation, and it became apparent that the guilty parties were only waiting in hopes that the storm *would* blow over as they had prophesied. They imagined that a system of masterly inactivity would accomplish their ends, and pleased themselves with the delusion that nothing practical would come of it.

The honest press of the city seeing, however, that its opportunity had come at last, let no chance escape for dealing a blow at the Ring. Roused at length to the necessity of action, the Tammany magnates exhibited all the madness that usually characterizes those whom the gods wish to destroy. Their most foolish movement was the attempt to frighten one of their chief assailants among the newspapers by threatening to despoil its owners of their property—an attempt which met with the ignominious failure it deserved. Then came the "burglary" of the vouchers, the nice little plan to have Controller CONNOLLY sacrifice himself to save his confederates, and finally Mayor HALL's futile effort to counteract the Controller's defensive strategy, by which the duties and responsibilities of his office were transferred to one whose name represents what has for years been the "rarest work of God" about the City Hall—an honest man.

This great work, this achievement of reform in the very citadel of corruption, is due entirely to the efforts of the honest press of New York, and it may well feel proud of its triumph. It is due to the New York *Times* to say that it was the first among the daily newspapers to grapple with the enemy; and though able auxiliaries afterward joined in the conflict, and rendered signal service in the common cause, it for some time stood alone. In connection with this subject we may be permitted to refer with pardonable pride to the effective cartoons of NAST and others, whose keen shafts have been directed against Tammany from the vantage-ground of *Harper's Weekly*. We may safely say that they have not proved the least effective weapons directed against the "unholy alliance," otherwise known as the Ring. Indeed, Mr. TWEED has been heard to affirm that he didn't care half so much for what was written as what was drawn about him. In conjunction, these allies have proved too strong for him and his confederates, and have driven them discomfited from the field to their intrenchments, where they will probably soon be clamoring for terms; but the only terms they will get will be those offered by GRANT to the commander of Fort Donelson—"unconditional surrender."

SHIPWRECK.

ON the smiling sea was never a curl,
On the bright sky never a frown;
Never an omen of coming fate,
When my beautiful bark, with her costly freight,
In the glory of noon, went down.

Boldly launched from a quiet shore;
Well framed with storms to cope;
By Youth and Courage nobly manned;
The sails were woven by Love's own hand,
The rudder was held by Hope.

The merciless sun shone full and fair,
The pitiless waves were calm;
No whisper of woe in the wooing breeze,
The gulls poised over the sleeping seas,
The treacherous air was balm.

With happy laughter, with joyous dreams,
We glided in fearless faith;
Then—the sullen jar on the sunken rock;
The grinding crash, the horrible shock;
The headlong plunge to death.

A moment's whirl of boiling foam,
A shriek through the slumberous day
Then, smooth blue waters and calm blue skies,
And the startled birds, with their keen dark eyes,
Intent on their darting prey.

The bright sea dimpled, the bright sun shone,
With nor cloud nor white crest flecked;
A thousand barks sailed gayly past,
A thousand flags light shadows cast,
Where my beautiful boat was wrecked.

Wrecked, with its hopes, its loves, its trusts,
Sunk deep to the sea-weeds brown:
The great world turns, and the great waves break—
What should either heed of the moan we make
When a life or a ship goes down?

AMY'S LOVER.

IT was five o'clock—five o'clock on a dull November afternoon—as I, Elizabeth Lacy, the wretched companion of Lady Cunningham, of Northampton Lodge, in the town of Rockledge, stood gazing from the dining-room windows at the gray curtain of fog which was slowly but surely rising between my vision and all outward things, and thinking how like it was in color and feeling and appearance to my own sad life. I have said that I was the "wretched" companion of Lady Cunningham: is it very ungrateful of me to have written down that word? I think not; for if a wearisome seclusion and continual servitude have power to make a young life miserable, mine had fairly earned its title to be called so. I had withered in the cold and dispiriting atmosphere of Northampton Lodge for four years past, and had only been prevented rupturing my chains by the knowledge that I had no alternative but to rush from one state of bondage to another. To attend upon old ladies like an upper servant—to write their letters, carry their shawls, and wait upon them as they moved from room to room—this was to be my lot through life; and if I ever dreamed that a brighter one might intervene, the vision was too faint and idealistic to gild the stern realities which were no dreams.

Five years before I had been the child of parents in good circumstances, and loved and made much of, as only daughters generally are. My father, who held the comfortable living of Fairmead, in Dorsetshire, had always managed to keep up the household of a gentleman, and my poor, delicate mother and myself had enjoyed every luxury consistent with our station in life. She had had her flower garden and her poultry and her pony-chair, and I my pets and my piano and—my lover. Ah! as I stood at the wire-blinded windows of Lady Cunningham's dining-room that sad November afternoon and recalled these things, I knew by the pang which assailed me at the thought of Bruce Armytage which loss of them all had affected me most. My father and mother, who from my youth up had so tenderly loved and guarded me, were in their graves, and with them had vanished all the luxuries and possessions of my early days. But though I stood there a penniless orphan, with no joy in my present and very little hope in my future, the tears had not rushed to my eyes until my memory had rested on Bruce Armytage, and then they fell so thickly that they nearly blinded me; for mingled with his memory came shame as well as regret, and to a woman perhaps shame is the harder feeling of the two. His conduct had been so very strange, so marvelously strange and unaccountable to me, that to that day I had found no clew to it. When he first came down and took lodgings in Fairmead—for the purpose of studying to pass his examination for the law, he said—he had seemed so very, very fond of me that our engagement followed on the avowal of his love as a matter of course. But then his family interfered; they thought, perhaps, that he ought to marry some one higher than myself, though my father was a gentleman, and no man can be more. At any rate, *his* father wrote to say that Bruce was far too young (his age was then just twenty) to fix upon his choice for life, and that no regular engagement must be made between us until he returned from the two years' foreign tour he was about to make.

My father and mother said that old Mr. Armytage was right, and that in two years' time both I and my lover would be better able to form an opinion on so serious a matter. Bruce and I declared it was all nonsense, that fifty years of separation could make no difference to us, and that what we felt then we should feel to our lives' end. And they smiled, the old people, while our young hearts were being tortured, and talked about the evanescence of youthful feelings while we drank our first draught of this world's bitterness. My parents were not unkind, but they were unsympathetic; they rather hoped, upon the whole, that I should forget Bruce Armytage; and, in order to accomplish their end, they pretended to believe it. But he went with the most passionate protestations upon his lips that as soon as he returned to England no earthly power should keep us separate; and he never came back to me again! My father and mother had died rather suddenly, and within a few months of each other; our home had been broken up; and at the age of nineteen I had been sent forth upon the world to earn my own living; and, at the age of three-and-twenty, I was at the same trade, neither richer nor poorer than at first, but with all my faith in the constancy and honor of mankind broken and destroyed; for Bruce Armytage had never found me out, or, as far as I knew, inquired after me. His family had permitted me to leave Fairmead and enter on my solitary career without a word of remonstrance or regret; since which time I had had no communication with them, though at that period my pride would not have forbidden my sending an account of my trouble to Bruce, believing that he cared for me. Correspondence between us during his foreign tour had been strictly prohibited, and I had no means of ascertaining his address. For a while I had expected he would write or come to me; but that hope had long died out, and the only feeling I had left for him was contempt—contempt for his fickleness and vacillation, or the pusillanimity which could permit him to give up the woman he had sworn to marry because his father ordered him to do so. No! filial obedience carries very little weight with the heart that is pitted against it; and as I thought of it and him I bit my lip, dashed my hand across my eyes, and hoped the day might yet come when I should be able to show Bruce Armytage how greatly I despised him.

At this juncture the house-maid came bustling into the room with a little note for me—a dear little cocked-hat note—which seemed to speak of something pleasant, and at the writer of which I had no need to guess, for I had but one friend in Rockledge who ever sent such notes to me.

"Waiting for an answer," said the bearer, curtly; and I tore it open and devoured its contents:

"DEAR LIZZIE,—I think you will be *very much* surprised to hear that your little friend Amy is engaged to be married! However, it is quite true, although the business was only settled this morning; and the young gentleman has promised to spend the evening with us, and to bring a cousin whom he is anxious to introduce. Will you come and take tea with us also? The doctor has only just told me that Lady Cunningham dines out to-night, or I should have sent before. Do come, Lizzie. Amy is crazy to see you and tell you all her secrets, and you know that you are always sure of a welcome from

"Your affectionate friend,
"MARY RODWELL."

The perusal of this little epistle threw me into a perfect whirl of excitement and delight, which would have appeared extraordinary to any one who had not been acquainted with the maddening monotony of my daily existence. These Rodwells, the family of the good old doctor who attended Lady Cunningham, were my only friends in Rockledge, the only people with whom I ever caught a glimpse of a happy domestic life, such as had been once my own. To spend the evening at their large, old-fashioned house, which rang from basement to attic with the sound of happy voices, was the only dissipation by which my days were ever varied, and a relaxation all the more precious because, on account of Lady Cunningham's requirements, it came so rarely to me. And on the afternoon in question, when I had allowed myself to become absorbed by fanciful thought, the cordial and unexpected invitation warmed my chilled spirits like a draught of generous wine. All things seemed changed for me: I no longer saw the gray fog nor remembered my mournful past, but in their stead pictured to myself the brightly lighted, crimson-curtained room at Dr. Rodwell's house, and heard the ringing laughter and merry jests of his many boys and girls. In a moment I had shaken off my despondency—my eyes sparkled, my heart beat: I was in a flutter of anticipation at the pleasure in store for me.

"Is there any answer, miss?" demanded the house-maid, who had been waiting while I read my note.

"Yes, yes; I will go, of course. Say I will be there in half an hour," I replied, for my evening, in consequence of Lady Cunningham's absence, was at my own disposal. "And, Mary, please bring me up a jug of hot water; I am going to take tea with Mrs. Rodwell."

"Well, I'm very glad of it, miss; it's a shame you shouldn't have a holiday oftener than you do," returned my sympathizing hearer as she departed with my answer.

With a hasty vote of thanks to Mary for her kind speech, I ran up stairs to my own bedroom to make the few preparations needful for my visit. I knew that Mrs. Rodwell would not desire me to dress; but to arrange my hair anew with a blue ribbon woven in it, and to change my dark merino body for a clear muslin Garibaldi, made me look fresh and smart, without taking up too much of the precious time I had to spend at her house. Besides, were there not to be some gentlemen present? At that thought my mind reverted to the wonderful news of Amy's engagement, and I could scarcely proceed with my toilet for thinking of it. Little Amy! younger by five years than myself, who had always appeared so shy and modest and retiring—was it possible she could have had a lover without my knowing it? And now to be actually engaged! going to be married at her age! It almost seemed incredible, until I remembered with a sudden sigh that I had been no older myself when Bruce Armytage proposed to me, and had been able to keep my secret very well until the necessity for doing so was over.

But I would not let such thoughts engross me now, for I had no wish to carry a long face to Mrs. Rodwell's house; and so I hurried on the remainder of my things, and, wrapping myself up warmly in a dark cloak, hurried bravely out into the evening air. It was then six o'clock, and the fog was denser than before; but what cared I for outer dullness any longer? My imagination ran on before me, vividly picturing the cheerful scene in which I should so soon mingle, and my feet tripped after it, joyous as my heart. I had not far to go, and my eagerness shortened the way; so that in a few minutes I was rapping at Dr. Rodwell's hall door and scraping my feet upon his scraper. How quickly it was opened by little Amy herself! And what a mixture of bashfulness, pleasure, and self-importance was in her blushing face as I threw my arms around her neck and warmly congratulated her.

"Come up stairs, Lizzie," she entreated in a whisper; "come up and take off your things, and I'll tell you all about it."

We were soon in her own room—that cozy room in which she and her younger sister, Mattie, slept, and which bore so many evidences of their mother's tender care and thought for them.

"And so you are really engaged to be married, Amy?" I exclaimed as the door closed behind us. "That was a very astounding piece of intelligence to me, who had never heard the faintest whisper of such a thing before."

"You forget you have not been near us for a month," she answered, laughing; "but the truth is, Lizzie, it was all so uncertain till this morning that mamma said it would be very unwise to mention it to any body; so that you were the first recipient of the news, after all."

"Well, I suppose I must be satisfied with that. And when did you meet him, Amy?"

"Last month, up in London, while I was staying with my aunt Charlesworth."

"And it is a settled thing, then?"

"Oh yes! His parents have consented, and are coming to Rockledge on purpose to call on us. And—and *he* came down this morning to tell papa; and I believe we are to be married in the spring."

"So soon?" I ejaculated, thinking how easily some people's courtships ran.

"Yes," replied Amy, blushing; "and he is here this evening, you know, with his cousin, who is staying at Rockledge with him. He talked so much about this cousin! but oh, he is not *half* so nice-looking as himself; and—and I hope you will like him, Lizzie dear," kissing me affectionately as she spoke, "for I have told him so much about you."

"I am sure I shall, Amy," I replied, as I returned her caress. We were on the staircase at the time, descending to the dining-room. "I assure you I am quite impatient to see your hero. By-the-bye, dear, what is his name?"

"Armytage." And then, seeing my blank look of amazement, she repeated it—"Armytage. Have you never heard the name before? I think it's such a pretty one. Amy Armytage," she whispered finally in my ear, as, laughing merrily, she pushed me before her into the dining-room.

It was all done so suddenly that I had no time to think about it, for before the echo of her words had died away I was in the midst of the family group, being warmly kissed by Mrs. Rodwell and Mattie and Nelly and Lotty, and shaken hands with by the dear, kind old doctor and his rough school-boys.

"Well, Lizzie dear," exclaimed my motherly hostess, as she claimed me for a second embrace, "this is quite an unexpected treat to have you here to-night! I thought we were never going to see you again. But you look pale, my child; I am afraid you are kept too much in the house. Doctor, what have you been about, not to take better care of Lizzie? You should give her a tonic, or speak to Lady Cunningham on the subject."

But the good old doctor stuck both his fingers into his ears. "Now I am not going to have any talk about pale looks or physic bottles to-night," he said; "the time for doctoring to-day is over. Miss Lizzie, you just come and sit between Tom and me, and we'll give you something that will beat all the tonics that were ever invented. Here, Mattie, pass the scones and oat-cakes down this way, will you? If you children think you are going to keep all the good things up at your end of the table, you are very much mistaken;" and with no gentle touch my hospitable friend nearly pulled me down into his own lap.

"Now, doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodwell, with an affectation of annoyance, "I will not have you treat my guests in this way. Lizzie has come to see *me*, not *you*, and she sits by no side but mine. Besides, you have not even given me time to introduce the gentlemen to her. Lizzie, my dear, we must all be friends here this evening. Mr. Bruce Armytage, Mr. Frederick Armytage—Miss Lacy. And now, doctor, we'll go to tea as soon as you please."

I had known from the moment of my entering the room that there were strangers in it, but I had not dared to glance their way. Amy's announcement of her lover's name had come too unexpectedly to permit me to form any fixed idea upon the subject, excepting that it was the same as mine had borne; and yet when Mrs. Rodwell repeated it, with the familiar prefix, strange to say, I seemed to hear it with no second shock, but to have known the bitter truth all along.

Not so, however, Bruce Armytage; for Mrs. Rodwell's introduction was scarcely concluded before I heard his voice (unforgotten through the lapse of years) exclaim, "Miss Lacy!" in a tone of surprise which could not but be patent to all.

Cold and pulseless as I had felt before, the mere tones of his voice sent the blood rushing from my heart to my head, till the room and the tea-table and the group of living figures swam before my dazzled eyes. I felt my weakness, but I determined all the more that no one else should guess at it, and mentally stamped upon my heart to make it steady against the moment when its energies should be required.

"You have met Mr. Armytage before, Lizzie?" said Mrs. Rodwell, with a pleasant astonishment.

Then I lifted my eyes and looked at him. Good God! What is the vital force of this feeling, called love, which Thou hast given to us, far oftener to prove a curse than a blessing, that after years of separation, coldness, and neglect, it has the strength to spring up again, warm and passionate as ever, at the sight of a face, the tone of a voice, or the touch of a hand? Has nothing the power to trample life out of it? Will it always revive when we think it most dead, and turn its pale, mutilated features up to the glare of day? Shall our mortal dust, even when coffined in the mould, stir and groan and vainly strive to make itself heard, as the step of one whom we have loved passes sorrowfully over the fresh grass beneath which we lie?

I lifted up my eyes, and looked upon Bruce Armytage, to be able to say truly if I had met him before. Yes, it was he, but little altered during our five years of separation, excepting that he had passed from a boy to a man. He colored vividly beneath my steady gaze; for a moment I thought he was about to seize my hand, but my eyes forbade him, and he shrank backward.

"Mr. Armytage and I *have* met before," I said, with a marvelous quietness, in answer to Mrs. Rodwell's previous question—"when I was living in my old home at Fairmead; but that is so many years ago that we are nothing but strangers to each other now."

At these words any purpose which he might have entertained of claiming me as an old acquaintance evidently died out of Bruce Armytage's mind; for, retreating a few paces, he bowed coldly to me, and took a seat, where his proper place now was, by Amy's side.

"Oh, not strangers, my dear—oh no!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodwell, who had taken my answer in its literal sense. "You must all be friends together here, you know, if it is only for Amy's sake. Mr. Frederick Armytage, will you be so kind as to pass the muffins up this way? Thank you! Now, Lizzie, my dear, you must make a good tea."

I sat down between my host and hostess, triumphant on the subject of the manner in which I had acquitted myself, and feeling strong enough for any future trial; but before many minutes had elapsed I was overtaken by a sickly and oppressive sensation for which I was quite unable to account. The hot flush which had risen to my face while speaking to Bruce Armytage died away, leaving a cold, leaden weight upon my breast instead; my pulses ceased their quick leap, and took to trembling; the rich dainties which the doctor and his wife heaped upon my plate nauseated me even to contemplate; and a whirring confusion commenced in my head, which obliged me to rally all my forces before I could answer a simple question. The noise and laughter of the tea-table seemed to increase every minute; and if one might judge from the incessant giggling of Amy, Mattie, Nelly, and Lotty, the two gentlemen at the other end were making themselves very agreeable. I tried to eat: I tried to force the buttered toast and plum-cake and rich preserves down my throat, but there was something there which utterly prevented my swallowing them.

"Lizzie, my dear, are you not well?" inquired Mrs. Rodwell, presently. The friendly interrogation saved me. I had just been relapsing into a state of weakness which might have resulted in hysteria: her words recalled me to myself. Should all the table know that I was grieving? Or, rather, should he—he who had deserted me and had forsworn himself, who now sat by the side of his newly betrothed—guess that his presence had the slightest power to affect me? Good Heavens! where was my pride? where the contempt which I had hoped to have an opportunity of showing for him? I almost sprang from my chair at the thought.

"Not well, dear Mrs. Rodwell!" I exclaimed, speaking as fast and as shrilly as people generally do under the circumstances; "why, what can make you think so? I never felt better in my life. But, really, you do so oppress me with good things that it is quite impossible I can do justice to them all and talk at the same time. No, doctor, not another piece of cake. I couldn't, really; thank you all the same. You know there is a limit to all things, though you never seem to think so where I am concerned."

While my voice thus rang out harshly and unnaturally across the table, I felt that the dark eyes of Bruce Armytage were regarding me from the other end, and I wished I had the courage to stare him down, but I had not. By-and-by, however, when he was again engaged in conversation, I tried to let my eyes rove in his direction as though I were an uninterested hearer, but the moment that they reached him he raised his own as if by intuition, and my lids dropped again. I hated myself for this indecision, though I felt it was but nervousness, and that were we alone together but for five minutes I should have strength of mind to look him in the face, and tell him what I thought of his behavior. As it was, however, it was a great relief to me when the doctor gave the order to march, and the whole party adjourned to the drawing-room. As soon as we had entered it Amy left her lover's side and flew to mine.

"Oh, Lizzie," she whispered as we sat in a corner together, "do tell me what you think of him! I am dying to hear. Is he not very handsome?"

"Very handsome," I answered, with closed lips.

"Much better-looking than his cousin?"

"Yes, certainly: there is no comparison between them:" which was true, inasmuch as Frederick Armytage, with his fair hair and blue eyes,

was a washed-out, sickly looking creature by the side of his dark, stalwart cousin Bruce.

"I knew you would say so, Lizzie; I was sure you would agree with me. But just fancy your having met Bruce before! Where was it, and when? I couldn't ask you a lot of questions at tea-time, but you made me so curious."

"Amy," I said, suddenly—for I felt this was a subject on which she must not be inquisitive—"when I knew Mr. Bruce Armytage I was living at home with my dear father and mother at Fairmead, and you must be aware that an allusion to those days can not be a pleasant allusion to me. So, please, like a dear girl, don't ask me any more questions about it, or let me remember that I ever saw your friend before I met him here to-night."

"I won't," said Amy, submissively. "Poor dear Lizzie!" and she stroked my hand with her soft little palm.

"And do not mention me to him either. Our acquaintance was but a brief one: he can have no interest left in the matter."

"Oh, but he has, though, Lizzie"—with a shy upward glance. "He was talking about you all tea-time; his cousin and I thought he would never stop. He asked where you were, and what you were doing, and seemed so sorry when I told him of Lady Cunningham, and what a cross old thing she is, and said several times that he could not get over the surprise of having met you here to-night."

"Indeed! He has a more retentive memory than I have; you can tell him so next time he speaks of me." I answered so haughtily that little Amy looked timidly up in my face, and I remembered suddenly that I was speaking of her lover. "There is your mamma beckoning to you, Amy; and Mattie and Tom are clearing away the chairs and tables. I suppose they want a dance. Tell them I shall be charmed to play for them;" and then, seeing that Bruce Armytage was crossing the room with a view to seeking Amy, I quickly left my seat, and taking possession of the music-stool, commenced to rattle off a polka. Soon they were all busily engaged in dancing, and the noise occasioned by their feet and voices almost prevented my hearing the conversation which Mrs. Rodwell, who had taken up a station with her knitting close to the piano, addressed to me.

"You were very much surprised to hear our news, Lizzie, I'm sure," she began, as she bent toward my ear.

"Very much surprised, Mrs. Rodwell—never more so."

"Ah!" with a sigh, "dear Amy is full young—only eighteen last October, you know, Lizzie; but I think she'll be happy. I'm sure I trust so. He is a very steady young man, and they are to live in Rockledge, which is a great comfort to me."

"In Rockledge!" Was I to undergo the pain of continual intercourse with him, or the alternative of quitting my present situation? "Did I hear you rightly, Mrs. Rodwell?"

"Yes, my dear. His papa, who appears to be a very pleasant old gentleman, has decided to set him up in an office here, that Amy may not be separated from her family. So thoughtful of him, Lizzie, is it not?" Very! I remembered the pleasant old gentleman's conduct on a similar occasion more immediately concerning myself, and could scarcely trust my voice to answer her.

"You have heard that Mr. Armytage is in the law, have you not?" I nodded my head: I had heard it. "A nice profession—so gentlemanly; and he is a fine-looking young man too; don't you think so? I have heard that some people prefer his cousin's looks to his; but beauty is such a matter of taste, and Amy is quite satisfied on the subject. You may stop playing now, my dear, for they have all done dancing. Nelly, child, how hot you are! Come away at once from the draught of the door."

"A waltz, a waltz, Lizzie!" they all shouted, as they surrounded the piano.

"Perhaps Miss Lacy is tired," suggested the deep voice of Bruce Armytage. I had been going to plead for a brief respite, but at that sound the desire for repose fled, and without a look in his direction I returned to the instrument and began to play the dance they had asked for. But I had not been so occupied long before I became aware that some one among them continued to hover about the piano, and felt by intuition that it was Bruce Armytage. At that discovery my fingers flew faster and more gayly, and I regarded the notes before me with a fixed smile, while, in order to keep up my courage, I kept repeating to myself: "He deserted me: he left me for no fault of mine. My father and mother died, and he never came near me in my sorrow. He is fickle, base, dishonorable—unworthy of regard." I tried to set the notes of the waltz that I was playing to the words, "Fickle, base, dishonorable!" but they refused to be so matched, and only seemed to repeat, instead, "I loved him, I loved him, I loved him;" and then a blurred mist came before my eyes, and I had to play from memory; for Bruce Armytage had taken up his station at the back of the piano, and was looking me full in the face.

"It is a long time since we met, Miss Lacy," he remarked, presently, but in so low a voice that, had my hearing not been sharpened by anger at his daring to address me, I do not think I should have caught the words.

"Do you think so?" I answered, carelessly, for I felt that I must say something.

"How can you ask? Have the last five years passed so pleasantly as to leave no evidence of the flight of time?"

"Considering," I replied, panting with indignation at what appeared to me such thorough indifference to my feelings—"considering, Mr. Armytage, that during the years you speak of I have lost both my dear parents, I should think you might have spared me the allusion."

"Forgive me. I did not mean to wound you. But if the loss of your parents is the only loss you have to regret during those five years, you are happier than some, Miss Lacy. Death is natural; but there are griefs (the loss of love and hope, for instance) almost too unnatural to be borne."

How dared he, how dared he—he who had treated me in so cruel and unnatural a manner himself, who had but just plighted his faith afresh to my friend—quietly stand there, looking me in the face with his dark, searching eyes, and taunt me with the barrenness of the life which he had made sterile? Much as I had loved him—much as I feared I loved him still—I could have stood up at that moment and denounced him to them all as a traitor and a coward. But I thought of Amy, dear little innocent, confiding Amy, and I was silent.

"*I* have not lost them," I answered him, quietly. "Therefore I can not sympathize with your allusion. The death of my dear parents was more than sufficient trouble for me: all else of solace that this world can give me is mine."

"Do you mean to tell me—" he commenced, quickly.

"I mean to tell nothing," I replied, in the same cold tones. "I am not in the habit of discussing my private affairs with strangers. Had you not better go to Amy? I see that she is sitting out this dance."

Upon which he gravely inclined his head in acquiescence, and left me to myself.

"Lizzie, Lizzie, how fast you have been playing! We are all out of breath," exclaimed Mattie, as she and Tom danced up to my side. "Get up, there's a good girl, and let me take your place: we are going to have a game of 'Magical Music.' Tom, will you go out first? That's right. Now, girls, what shall we hide? Oh, papa's keys; they will do, and then, if he wants them, he will take quite an interest in coming and joining in the game himself."

I resigned my seat, and stole a hasty glance at the other end of the room. Mrs. Rodwell was busily engaged upon her knitting, and Bruce was sitting on an ottoman close by Amy's side; so, gasping for fresh air and one moment's solitude, and unperceived by the laughing group of children, I left the apartment and ran hastily up to the bedroom which I had first entered. The gas was lighted there, and the fire burned warmly on the hearth, but in my present state of feeling neither warmth nor light was what I most desired. I felt as though I were choking—as though, if no relief were at hand, I must scream aloud or dash my head against the wall, for my nerves were overstrung, and the demon of hysteria was gaining strength with every minute, and I almost feared would win the victory. But pride came to my assistance—that mighty supporter of human weakness—and flying to the window, I raised the sash and leaned my head out of it, drinking in deep draughts of the foggy night air. And as I did so, watching the bustle in the street below and the calm stars in the sky above, I felt strength return to me—strength, not to avoid suffering, but to suffer in patience. The tears rose to my eyes and fell quietly over my cheeks, and as they fell they seemed to dissolve the hard, dry lump which had settled in my throat and threatened to deprive me of breath. I thought of Bruce Armytage as I had known him in the past, and my tears fell fast for the loss I had sustained in him; but I thought of him also as I saw him in the present, and pride and jealousy made me dash them from my eyes, and resolve that if I died—yes, if I died of grief and love and longing combined—he should never have the gratification of knowing that I had retained one particle of my old affection for him. With which intent I hurried on my walking things, determined not to expose myself any longer to the danger of betrayal; but before I had finished doing so Mrs. Rodwell was in the room, all anxiety to know what had occasioned my sudden absence.

"What is the matter, Lizzie? Did you feel the heat of the room? Why, my dear child, you are never going? It is only just nine o'clock!"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Rodwell, I think I had better do so. Lady Cunningham will not be late to-night, and you know how particular she is about my being at home before her. Please let me go."

"Well, dear, it must not be so long again before we see you. We must try and get up a few parties this winter, as it will be Amy's last in the home circle. And mind, Lizzie, that you are to be one of her bride-maids; she insists upon it."

"Ah! She is very kind, as you all are; but we will talk of that when the time comes. Good-night, dear Mrs. Rodwell. Kiss the girls for me: I won't go into the drawing-room, such a figure as I am."

But Mrs. Rodwell accompanied me down the stairs, conversing as she went:

"I am sorry the doctor is from home, my dear; he would have seen you round to Northampton Lodge; but he is never to be depended on from one hour to another, you know."

"Oh, it is of no consequence, Mrs. Rodwell; I am used to going alone."

"But I don't half like your doing it, Lizzie: the night is so very dark, and—"

"Allow me to have the pleasure of accompanying Miss Lacy, Mrs. Rodwell," said the voice of Bruce Armytage. We had reached the drawing-room floor by that time, and he stood on the threshold of the open door.

"No, no!" I exclaimed, as I shrank backward; "I do not desire it: I would rather go alone;" and with a hasty kiss on Mrs. Rodwell's cheek, I ran down the remaining stairs and out at the hall door. The wind was blowing fresh and cold as I turned into the open air, and the night was very dark, but I thought of nothing but his offer to accompany me, and I hurried onward. Did he wish to add insult to injury?

But I had not gone far when I heard the sound of footsteps running after me; and I had hardly realized it was indeed himself before he was by my side, apologizing for his presence by the excuse that Mrs. Rodwell had desired him to overtake me and see me home. Would I forgive what might otherwise seem an intrusion to me? I was too indignant to vouchsafe him any answer.

We walked on in silence side by side for several minutes—I with my head bent down, and holding my thick cloak around me, and he vainly endeavoring to look me in the face. At last, as though making a great effort, he cleared his throat, and said:

"I suppose, after the manner in which you spoke to me at the piano this evening, my pride ought to forbid my attempting any further explanation with you; but in this case I have one feeling more powerful than pride, Miss Lacy, and I must ask you what you meant by saying that all that this world could give of solace was yours?"

"I meant what I said," I answered, abruptly; "or rather, that I require no pity from you or any other stranger. Our paths in life are widely enough divided now: let each walk in his own track, without interfering with the other."

"That is easier said than done, perhaps," he replied: "it is difficult in this world for people to forget what they have been."

"It does not appear so to me."

"Ah, perhaps you are differently, more happily, constituted than most. They told me so long ago, though I did not believe them. Will you consider an old friend impertinent for asking if that from which you derive your solace now is the same from which you derived it then? and if so, why I still find you unsettled in life?"

"You are speaking in riddles," I replied. "I do not understand you."

"Your present engagement—is it the same which separated us? Do not be afraid to tell me the truth, Lizzie: I have borne a good deal in my lifetime, and am proof against suffering."

His voice was so tender and kind, so much like the voice which I remembered in the old days of our love, that it won me to listen to him quietly. "My engagement!" I echoed, in surprise. "What are you talking of? I have never been engaged—never since—" And then I halted, fearing what my revelation might suggest to him.

"What do you tell me?" he exclaimed. "What object have you in deceiving me? Were you not engaged, even before your parents' death, to young Hassell, of Fairmead, and was it not by his father's means that your present situation was procured for you? I little thought to meet you here," he added, bitterly. "I imagined you were married long ago, or I should have been more careful of my own feelings. And now you are engaged for the third time! How easily life runs for some people!"

"Who could have told you such a falsehood?" I said, turning to him. "It is true that old Mr. Hassell stood my friend when I had not one in the world, and that he found my present situation for me; but as to being engaged to his son, why, he is a married man—he married my own cousin."

"Could the mistake have arisen so?" said Bruce Armytage, as he seized my hand. "Oh, Lizzie, do not be angry: think what I have gone through! When I returned home from that wretched foreign tour, during which I was not allowed to correspond with you, the first news which I heard from my own family was that your father and mother had died some eighteen months before, and that you were engaged to Robert Hassell, and living with some old lady (no one could tell me where) until the time for your marriage arrived. I would not believe them; I rushed down to Fairmead myself to make inquiries, and reached there on the very day of young Hassell's wedding with Miss Lacy. Do you think I was a coward not to stop and see the bride, believing her to be yourself? Perhaps I was; but I flew from the spot as though I had been haunted; and I suffered—ah, Lizzie, I can not tell how much! It is so fearful, so awful a thing to teach one's self to believe the heart in which we have trusted to be faithless and unworthy."

"I know it," I said, in a low voice, which was nearly choked by my tears.

"How I have lived since that time I can hardly tell you," he continued, as he pressed my hand. (I knew it ought not to remain in his, but it was so sweet to feel it there.) "I have had very little hope, or peace, or happiness, though I have struggled on through it all, and made myself a name in my profession. And then to meet you again to-night so unexpectedly, still free, but promised to another, myself and my love so evidently forgotten, and to feel that it has been but a chance that separated us! Oh, Lizzie, it is almost harder than it was at first!"

"I am not engaged," I answered, sobbing; "you chose to take my words at the piano as meaning so, but it was your mistake, not mine. I have lived much in the manner you describe yourself to have done—not very happily, perhaps, and finding my best relief in work. But I am glad to have met you, Bruce—glad to have heard from your own lips what parted us; and I thank you for this explanation, though it comes too late."

"But why too late, my dearest?" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Why, if you are free to accept my hand, and can forgive all that has made us so unhappy in the past, should we not bury our mutual trouble in mutual love? Oh, Lizzie, say that you'll be mine—say that you'll be my own wife, and help me to wipe out the remembrance of this miserable mistake!"

I thought of Amy. I looked at him with astonishment. I recoiled from him almost with disgust. Was I to accept happiness at the expense of that of my dear friends, of the only creatures who had shown me any affection during my long years of exile from him? Oh no. I would rather perish in my solitude. The very fact that he could propose it to me made him sink lower in my estimation.

"Bruce," I exclaimed, "you must be mad, or I am mad so to tempt you from your duty. Think of all your offer involves—of the distress, the disappointment, the shame it would entail on those who have been more than friends to me; and consider if it is likely I could be so dishonorable to them as to take advantage of it."

"I don't understand you, my darling," he said, with a puzzled look.

"Not understand?" I reiterated, in surprise, "when your engagement to Amy Rodwell was only settled this morning, and the preliminaries for your marriage are already being talked of! Would you break her heart in the attempt to heal mine? Bruce, we must never see each other again after this evening."

"Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie!" he said, shaking his head, "we are playing at dreadful cross-purposes. Did it never enter into your wise little pate to inquire *which* Mr. Armytage was going to marry Amy Rodwell? I can assure you I have no desire or intention to risk getting a pistol-shot through my heart for stepping into my cousin Frederick's shoes."

"And is it really—is it really, then, *Frederick* whom she is going to marry?" I exclaimed, breathless with the shock of this new intelligence. "Oh, how can she?"

"It is indeed," he answered, laughing. "Lizzie, did you seriously think that it was I? Why, what a taste you must give me credit for, to choose that pretty little piece of white-and-pink china, after having had the chance of such a woman as yourself? And now what is my answer?"

What it was I leave for my readers to guess.

CLOVES.

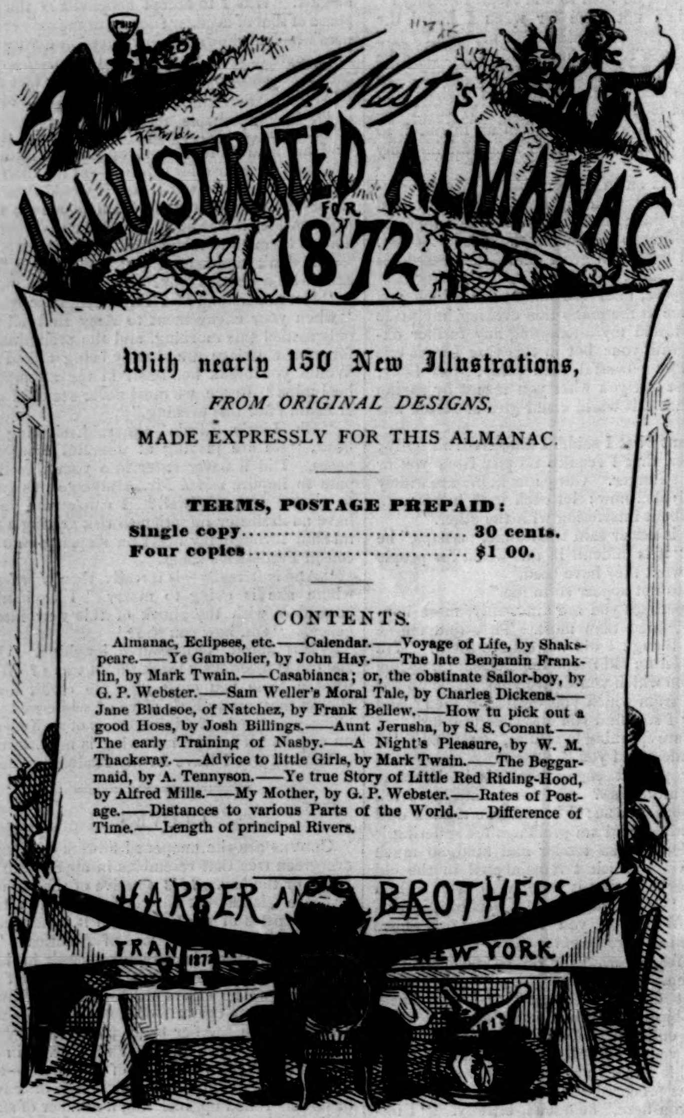
CLOVES are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel or the bay. It is a native of the Molucca or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and it is now cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers, in clusters, to the very end of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened, and while they are still green. After being gathered they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts—of a round head, which is the four petals, or leaves, or flowers rolled up, inclosing a number of small stalks or filaments; the other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower-cup of the unripe seed-vessel. All these parts may be distinctly seen if a few cloves are soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flower soften, and readily unroll. Both the taste and the smell of cloves depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste are, in consequence, much weakened.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

IN London drivers and riders, unlike walkers, keep on the *left* side of the road. Couplets and quatrains in considerable number have been composed to impress the rule on the memory of those persons who can call to mind a particular maxim with more readiness if it be stated in a rhyming form.

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
  In riding or driving along:
If you keep to your left, you are sure to go right;
  If you keep to your right, you go wrong.

Traveled persons who have compared notes on this subject tell us that the English plan of keeping to the left hand of the carriage-way is adopted in Italy and in Italian Switzerland; whereas France, Belgium, and Germany adopt the rule of keeping to the right. Much debate has thence arisen. Why do nations differ in the matter, and which is the better of the two plans? Those who prefer the French mode urge that it is better to adopt the same rule, whichever it may be, for the carriage-ways as for the footways, in order not to burden the memory with conflicting phraseology. They also contend that the right is really the best, seeing that it gives more scope and sweep to the whip of the driver in cases of starting, bolting, or jibing; his right hand is more free, because more distant from the right hand of drivers coming in the opposite direction. But the English advocates say "No" to this. They urge that by adopting their plan each driver can see at a glance, by looking down for a moment, whether the passing wheels have space to keep clear of each other; the opposite drivers being near, each can the better assist the other in steering the craft properly. "No," say the French advocates; "he is a queer driver who wants to look down at his wheel; let him keep his whip-hand clear and he can guide his team." Of course, when the driver sits exactly in the middle of the front of the vehicle, the actual distance between driver and driver is exactly the same in either method; but the free whip-hand for the Frenchman is an advantage not to be despised. It has been suggested that the English plan probably originated in Italy, in days when diligences and post-coaches were liable to be attacked by highwaymen or brigands. The postilions carried fire-arms, to be managed with the right hand; they sat on the left-hand horse and drove on the left-hand side of the road, in order to have full command of the right hand in moments of difficulty or danger.



[FROM NAST'S ALMANAC FOR 1872.]

SHAKSPEARE'S VOYAGE OF LIFE.

All the world's a stage,

And the men and women merely players:

They have their exits

and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages.

MY MOTHER.—[FROM NAST'S ALMANAC FOR 1872.]

A helpless babe, who nursed me then,
And gave me paregoric when
I wept with pain, till well again?
My Mother.

And when her precious infant smiled,
Who called me "angel," "darling child,"
And laughed and wept in transport wild?
My Mother.

And when the colic vexed me sore,
Who then at midnight walked the floor,
And in her arms her baby bore?
My Mother.

Who let me do just what I chose,
And dressed me up in fancy clothes,
And taught me how to wipe my nose?
My Mother.

And watched me still with anxious care,
And washed my face, and curled my hair,
And set me in my little chair?
My Mother.

And who my youthful body bent
Across her knee—oh, sad event!—
And spanked me to her heart's content?
My Mother.

And when I cut my finger, who
Brought salve to soothe and cure it too,
And checked my juvenile boo-hoo?
My Mother.

And when at school I made my way,
Who heard my lessons day by day,
Of Puget Sound and Baffin's Bay?
My Mother.

And when my pony just in play
Ran off, and carried me away,
Who viewed the scene with great dismay?
My Mother.

And when he kicked with all his might,
And threw me higher than a kite,
Who fainted and fell down with fright?
My Mother.

Who gently said it was not right
To set the dog and cat to fight,
Or laugh at such a wicked sight?
My Mother.

Though she is old and all alone,
And I to be a man have grown,
Who calls me still her boy—her own?
My Mother.

LADY JANE GREY AND BISHOP GARDINER.

IN explanation of the engraving from Mr. FOLINGSBY'S fine historical painting given on this page, it will suffice to remind the reader that several attempts were made to induce Lady JANE GREY to recant during her confinement in the Tower, consequent on the various abortive efforts to place her on the throne. On the death

LADY JANE GREY'S VICTORY OVER BISHOP GARDINER.—[FROM THE PAINTING BY G. F. FOLINGSBY.]

of EDWARD VI. the Duke of Northumberland had assumed the illegitimacy of the young deceased king's sisters, MARY TUDOR and ELIZABETH (with, it is said, that king's authority, though contrary to HENRY VIII.'s will), and had claimed the crown for Lady JANE GREY, the wife of his son GUILDFORD, Lord Dudley, in virtue of her being descended from a younger sister of King HENRY. The duke was, however, so unpopular, especially with the Catholics, that his daughter-in-law was deposed in eight days, and Princess MARY set up in her place. Lady JANE is here in the power of MARY, and shortly will be led to the scaffold, as well as her husband, her father (the Duke of Suffolk), and her father-in-law (Northumberland), by command of her ruthless rival.

Our sympathy for the hapless lady is increased by knowing that she was not a willing party to the ambitious plot of her relatives, and also by all that we know of her character. She is represented to have been remarkably beautiful and intelligent, yet to have preserved all the unaffected graces proper to her sex and age. She was educated by AYLMER, afterward Bishop of London, and, although barely seventeen when she was beheaded, she could write and speak Greek and Latin, and knew more or less of some other languages.

Protestants are naturally ready to believe that she worsted in argument the Romish ecclesiastics who sought to make her a convert; but really the statements of her biographers to this effect are not at all incredible when we read her literary remains, collected and published by Sir N. HARRIS NICHOLAS. FECKENHAM, the queen's chaplain and confessor, certainly found in the young scholar a most formidable disputant. There are few things more terse and logical than the "conference dialogue-wise touching her faith and religion," held with FECKENHAM, which she wrote and signed four days before her execution. "Divers learned Roman Catholics of fame and reputation," including two bishops, are said to have tried the patience and fortitude which did not forsake her on the scaffold to the very utmost during the days and hours preceding her death, by artifice, by flattery, by threatenings, by promises of life. But all was of no avail. Of one thing we are quite certain—that the young martyr's conscience would not allow her to purchase life at the sacrifice demanded by the cruel, bigoted queen.

Whether Lady JANE would, indeed, ultimately have saved her head by recanting is hard to say. Bishop GARDINER is reported to have been among the number of her disputants; and this is not improbable, though the common story is somewhat apocryphal. STEPHEN GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, was a fitting emissary for such an errand, as he was a tool well prepared for MARY'S subsequent persecutions. He had been secretary to Cardinal WOLSEY, and he had consented to be employed in the matter of HENRY VIII.'s divorce from Queen CATHERINE; he had opposed the Reformation, and been imprisoned in EDWARD VI.'s reign; but he was released and made Lord Chancellor by Queen MARY.

In the picture the artist doubtless intends to

suggest by the book lying open in her lap that Lady Jane has been drawing her arguments from the Bible or her favorite Greek Testament; while we may assume the ponderous tome held by the bishop to contain the writings of one of the Church saints or fathers. The parchment roll he holds in the other hand we may set down as Mary's warrant offering the conditional pardon. The standing female is Lady Throckmorton, who was in attendance on Lady Jane, and imprisoned with her for treason.

The painter of this admirable picture, Mr. G. F. Folingsby, is an English artist long resident in Munich, Bavaria.

MY SORROW-TREASURE.

Nor sadder am I nor more glad
Than other men whose ways I cross;
I have my times, as they, to sigh,
A dullness sometimes in my eye,
And every day a memory.

I would not rid me of my pain
For all this world can offer me;
So time-bound is its hold and thrall,
So long we two have shared our all,
So long we have kept company.

Kind friends, indeed, would probe my soul,
Would draw its secrets into day:
And "Hope!" says one, "for still you can;"
"Forget!" another cries, "nor scan
Those pages long since laid away."

Ay, laid away as flowers are laid
(Scarce touched in laying by the hand),
Reaped from the all-unruffled bed,
Cold from the forehead of the dead,
And bitter sweet as love untold.

Will you not spare me, then, my hoard,
My Eden with the guarded gates?
I can not pass, nor you, nor you—
Leave me my peep-hole to look through,
My quickset, broken hedge of thorns.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

A STORY OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

It was a race for life. Following hard upon the fleet skater were a troop of wolves as fleet. Charles Vance heard their breathing, the short, impatient sniffs, the regular patter of sharp feet upon the ice, like a click. The scene lay in Canada. The moon sailed through drifting clouds, now partially obscured, then bursting forth in a flood of silvery light. At one side was the dense pine forest, broken by clumps of leafless oak or hickory, and winding in and out as it followed the course of the river; on the other, the wide, snow-covered plain. A mile yet before a house would be reached, and in that time—

Brave as he was, Mr. Vance shuddered. At twenty-eight there was so much of life before him. He had reached a point where fortune began to smile upon him; and for the past six months his leisure hours had been bright with glowing air-castles, which all had Rose Ardley for their day-dream. For her sake it was that he had undertaken this perilous journey.

Faster! faster! This turn showed him the fierce gleaming eyes that repeated themselves until there seemed to be hundreds. Rays of lurid light flashed out; lolling scarlet tongues that thirsted for a draught of blood and a dainty morsel of flesh. A misstep, a half-hidden hillock of ice to trip the unwary traveler, a moment lost, and he would be in the power of these ravenous animals. No wonder his pulses quivered, or that he shrank from so horrible a fate.

More than once he had gone up and down the river for pleasure. More than once there had been a gay party—girls in their pretty skating costumes: but sweetest of all was Rose, her golden curls blown about by the wind, her cheeks brilliant, her purple eyes dilating with enjoyment. Bright and coquettish was she, fond of teasing him until his patience was almost exhausted; but a sweet, loving girl in the midst of it. At midsummer she was to be his wife. He had extorted that promise from her, though he would fain have taken her long before. And yet only the other morning they had fallen into a trifling dispute about this very visit. She wanted him to go up for this Thursday evening. He did not see his way clear to do it conveniently.

"Thursday is pay-day," he had said, alluding to his works and workmen. "I never can get away on Thursday nights until dark. My horse has fallen lame, too, Rose. I can not ride him after to-day."

"You once thought skating up the river a mere pastime," replied Miss Ardley; and her tone was a trifle sharp and haughty.

"In the daytime, and with company. That makes a difference."

"Oh, very well; if you care so little to come, there's no more to be said." And she turned away with an air of superb indifference.

"Rose, it is not that. I can come up Friday, and stay until Monday."

"But Thursday night is Eleanor's birthnight. I thought of the pleasure *to her* to have you among her guests. Don't put yourself out, however."

Charles Vance was not a man likely to be canonized for either meekness or patience; and she was purposely trying him. He felt vexed.

"I'll come if I can," concluded Mr. Vance, shortly. His tone was cold, and his eyes wandered over the waste of snow.

"Very well," she gayly said. "I shall expect you, mind. Good-by." And she kissed to him the tips of her dainty fingers.

He strode down the path, unhitched his horse with a jerk, and went riding over the road, never once glancing back. Perverse Rose Ardley was privately peeping after him, rather enjoying than not the semi-quarrel.

"I'll not go; she shall not get me there on Thursday evening," he answered to himself in his annoyance. But ere Thursday evening came his resolve was broken, after the manner of lovers, and he meant to go.

"I must skate up," he said. "The night's clear and frosty."

"Hope there'll be no wolves abroad, Master Vance," said the brawny Englishman, Hugh, one of his workmen and warm admirers. "Stainsly shot one over by the bridge the other morning. You'd better take a pistol."

"I'll trust to luck and my good skates," answered Mr. Vance, laughingly, rather ridiculing the notion of "wolves."

He started. The night, as he had observed, was clear and frosty, very bright and cold. Half his journey had been accomplished, when he heard a shrill, sharp cry echoing from the woods. Then another, as if in answer, and one at a distance. For a moment his blood curdled in his veins. What were these cries? Ah, what!—what but the wolves?

Nearer came the cry, and nearer, as if the dreadful animals scented their victim. He glided over the ice like lightning, his strides quickened by the first click he heard from his pursuers. On, first as rapidly as possible in a straight line, for not a second was to be lost. Every nerve and limb was strained to its utmost tension. A mile, perhaps; and if he had to double— A horrible flash of despair almost paralyzed him. That was certain death. Why had he been so heedless as to disregard sage Hugh's warning? But he had never seen a wolf during his sojourn in these Canadian wilds.

Faster! faster! Turns that frightfully lengthened his journey, but gave him a moment's respite, for his pursuers were by this means thrown off their track, and were some time in recovering their speed. The moon shone out brightly. Every tree seemed outlined against the sky with painful distinctness; here a gnarled old oak that had been riven with some fierce bolt; there a clump of gleaming evergreens that mocked him in their security. And now the river widened. Hardly a week before he and Rose Ardley had enjoyed a gay frolic of skating on this very spot. Was she still vexed with him? Oh, if she could but know!

In imagination their red tongues seemed to touch him. One of them seemed to hurt himself in some way, for there came a sharp howl of pain. The pursuit was stopped for an instant, and then they came on the faster. Charles Vance's limbs were weak, his pulses throbbing from exhaustion, his very brain reeled. The fiery eyes seemed to scorch him with their lurid glare, and now he could hear the rapid, expectant breath. So near safety, and yet— A despairing cry broke from his lips. Rose! Rose! Farewell to her, to happiness, to all.

Rose Ardley, the centre of a gay group of cousins and friends, was this self-same evening doing her utmost to be attractive. She was fascinating at all times and seasons, but when she used a little effort, could make herself doubly so. She had forgiven Charles Vance a dozen times since that last angry morning. He would be sure to come early, she complacently told herself, and be duly penitent. After all, Charles Vance was a brave, noble fellow. She thought she would not flirt one bit that night with any body else. The guests all arrived. All but Mr. Vance. Rose wondered. Had he been really vexed, and was he staying away to punish her? Well, let him stay. *She* should not mope or wear the willow. Love-lorn girls were always absurd.

So Rose Ardley was the gayest of the gay. They had a quadrille: some of the elder ones sat down to cards. Dr. Caltran, a deeply scientific man and great mesmerist, and three or four others, went into a discussion on that wonderful subject—clairvoyance. The doctor had been relating certain remarkable incidents, when it was proposed that a test should be given then. Who would become a subject?

No one appeared inclined at first, but Miss Caltran finally acquiesced, and took her seat in a chair in a small room they adjourned to. The doctor had succeeded in sending her to sleep, when Rose looked in. Her attention was immediately arrested, and she watched the experiment with much eagerness.

"Would any one like to put any questions?" asked Dr. Caltran.

There ensued a silence. Eleanor Ardley broke it.

"Rose will. Rose is always ready for any thing." And Miss Rose acquiesced at once.

"I don't know what to ask, or what I would most like to hear," she said, with a gay laugh.

"Ask about Charley. Ask what keeps him away. You can tease him well when you know that."

"But—is there really any truth in it, Dr. Caltran?" and Rose's deep eyes were luminous with some feeling akin to curiosity.

"It is true that the medium can in many cases seem to enter a person's mind, and answer in a remarkable fashion," was the reply. "Many failures are recorded and mistakes made, but I think they are due to our imperfect knowledge of the science. Suppose you try, Miss Rose; no one can suspect you of collusion."

Quite a circle began to gather round. Miss Caltran appeared to be in a tranquil slumber; her lips were just parted, suggesting her white, even teeth, which were very handsome.

"Well," said Rose, daringly.

"Place your hand in hers," directed the doctor. "Now think intently of the subject in which you wish her to feel interested, and then ask your question."

A thousand thoughts filled Rose Ardley's brain in an instant, but that of Charles Vance was the most prominent. What should she say? for delicacy seemed to hold her back on this subject.

"Make haste," cried Eleanor. "What is Charley Vance doing? Has he gone to sleep and forgotten to come here? Or has he gone visiting elsewhere?"

Rose colored. "I think I will not ask—" But a chorus of eager voices interrupted her.

"Play fair now, Rose. No backing out."

"Are you afraid?"

It was her cousin Kate who asked this, and the sarcastic tone would have roused Rose to any effort. In a strange flutter of nerve and brain she began.

"Don't get excited," said Dr. Caltran, smiling cheeringly.

Rose's mood was too uncertain at first to sway Miss Caltran (at least so the doctor said); she moved uneasily, and vainly essayed to speak. He approached to tranquilize her. It was some time before any coherent answers could be obtained, and then Rose was wrought up to a strange pitch. Some sudden presentiment concerning her lover filled her mind with apprehension. As if translating the young girl's emotion, Miss Caltran began slowly:

"Your friend is in great danger—great danger. He is flying as if for his life, first this way and then that way," making a tortuous motion with her hand. "He is on the river—the ice—and something follows him fast. Hark! do you hear a sharp cry?"

Rose turned deathly white in spite of her strongest efforts.

"Is he coming here?" she asked, scarcely knowing what she said.

"O Heavens! they are gaining upon him fast. He goes like the wind, but they too are fleet."

As Miss Caltran said this—and it must be remarked that her words throughout were labored and slow—she sighed deeply and evinced great agitation. Her breath was *long* and painful.

"Now they are up with him—now! Oh, save him! save him! Hark to their cries!"

"Oh, by Heaven, what fools we are!" suddenly exclaimed George Ardley, a light breaking on him. "I see it all. Vance has skated up on the river and been followed by a pack of wolves! One was killed a day or two ago, and several have been seen prowling round. Run for your lives, friends. Get something and come to his assistance."

Rose stood spell-bound. For a moment the room swam round; stars appeared to fill every space.

George thrust on his cap and coat, and slung his rifle over his shoulder. Two or three followed suit, and the rooms were in a whirl of confusion.

"Let me go too," Rose almost shrieked.

"My child, there may be some mistake," said Dr. Caltran, soothingly, alarmed at the consequences of his sister's vision. "Do, pray, be calm."

"No, there is no mistake," she answered, hysterically. "I told him to skate up—his horse was lame—I dared him to come. Oh, merciful Heavens, forgive me!"

She was in a perfect agony of despair. The horrible vision her cousin George's words conjured up made a more vivid one in her brain. Her face, that had been so brilliant a short time before, was now the picture of anguish. She could not help thinking that if any evil had befallen him it was clearly her fault. How many times she had tormented him almost beyond endurance—been cool, capricious, laughed at his tenderness and his love! Arraigning her heart for judgment, she found it had been bitterly cruel to him—to the one man for whom she would give her life if occasion required. In the confusion and crowd she passed quietly up stairs, got her shawl and hood, and stole out unseen. Along she sped like a shadowy wraith, and was on the river as soon as the men with their rifles.

Hark! what was that? A sickening, despairing cry; a wail of mortal agony. Rose recognized it for *his* voice—for they were close upon him now.

Yes, the cry came from Charles Vance. With that one despairing burst he gave up hope, and turned upon his horrible pursuers. In the moonlight his eyes glared back to those fierce balls, and there was a deathly pause. The suddenness amazed the unreasoning brutes, but the foremost crouched to spring.

A ball went whizzing by, so closely that Mr. Vance felt the hot air upon his cheek. Then a yell ensued, ending in a howl of maddening pain. Another report, another; footsteps, voices. Yet he did not stir.

"Oh, Charles! Charles!" and the next instant Rose lay senseless at his feet.

At first he could not think, could not speak; the utter surprise and sense of deliverance overwhelmed him. He knelt down on the ice, trembling in every limb, and the rest came thronging around. The discomfited enemy were retiring with savage cries, leaving two of their number dead behind them.

"What is it all?" began Mr. Vance. "I—I can not imagine—"

"Do not try," interrupted George Ardley. "It is the strangest thing that ever happened. Can you walk home? I'll see to Rose." And he picked her up as though she had been a baby.

They went home slowly: Mr. Vance's strength was all but exhausted. Angry mutterings followed them from afar, but there was no real danger now. Rose, reviving to consciousness, struggled away from her cousin's protection.

"Let me walk; I am quite well now," she said, with a touch of her old imperiousness. And she got to Mr. Vance's side.

"Oh, Charles, I have been so selfish and cruel! Will you ever forgive me?"

Charles's answer was to take her arm within his and press it to his side. She broke down with a sob.

"Hush, my darling! God has interposed to save me. But still I do not understand how or why you should all have come."

"Oh, Charles, it is the strangest tale! You will hardly believe it—you, who have laughed at—"

"Don't spoil the story, Rose," said George Ardley from behind. "We'll have it all out when we get home."

Was Dr. Caltran surprised when he heard of the strange escape, and saw the rescued man? He made no sign. Miss Caltran, the clairvoyante, was herself then, save for an intense, dull headache.

"They had gained on me so fast that it seems as if I could not have held out a minute longer," said Mr. Vance to the doctor. "Besides the short distance on the river, there was the dark walk up to the house, and my courage was utterly giving way."

Rose burst into tears. "Charles, as long as I live I will never be capricious again," she whispered; "no, not even when I am your wife: I will try to be a blessing to you instead of a trouble."

And he kissed the sweet lips for their fond confession.

So it all ended well. But the wonderful escape of Charles Vance from the peril of the wolves is talked of in Canada to this day.

THE TRICHINÆ.

The trichinæ at first were found exclusively in the muscles of animals, and always in innumerable quantities. They were inclosed in a kind of cyst, so that it seemed impossible to say by what way they had been introduced, or how they could escape. Later discoveries have shown that in the first, or larva period, they are always in the muscles; in the second, or adult period, in the intestines. How, then, do they pass from one to the other? In 1859 two learned Germans, Leuckart and Virchow, set themselves the task of elucidating this question. Their discoveries made plain the following facts. The trichinæ, so long as they remain in their cyst, or inclosure, never increase or issue from the muscles; but if the animal in which they are be eaten by another—as a dog or cat eating a mouse—in a few hours the flesh is dissolved by digestion, and the larva, being set free, obtains its proper home for development. On the third or fourth day it attains its full growth, lays its embryos in the mucus, and these, in their turn, push through the tissues to reach the muscles. These minute beings need no assistance, like many worms, to attain their object; their extremely diminutive size suffices for them to travel and insinuate themselves into the layers of organic tissues. Each having reached its destination, it grows in size for about twenty days. The cyst is formed round it, completely inclosing it. Here it remains in a latent state of life, like the chrysalis in its cocoon, during many years—according to some observations eight years—and at length perishes, should nothing arise to draw it from its living prison.

There are certain conditions necessary to its development: should it be eaten by a reptile, a fish, or an insect, the larva does not find the heat which must draw it from its death-like trance, and it passes through the digestive canal without alteration. If a bird swallow it, the embryo awakes from its inertia, but its young can find no muscular fibre suitable for its habitation. The mammiferous animal alone supplies the necessary habitat, and this, again, must be of the right kind or age. The adult or old dog has muscles of too tough a nature for the embryos to penetrate, while in the puppy there is every facility for its development. The fox is, like the dog, preserved from the trichinæ. Thus the occasions for its transmission from one animal to another would be very rare if the larva had as short a life as its mother. Infallibly the species would soon disappear; but the cyst protects it from many enemies. It resists the coldness of death, and remains in the corpse; it bears a frost of sixteen degrees below zero, as well as the putrefaction of the flesh which envelops it. Acid, alkaline, and saline substances, which kill it in the adult state, have no effect upon it; and it becomes the food of animals who are great flesh-eaters, such as the pig, the rat, the mouse, and the cat.

The morbid phenomena occasioned by the trichinæ are proportioned to the cycle it passes through. Its presence in the digestive organs produces derangement of the system for about a month; the passage of the embryos to the exterior organs brings on violent muscular pains, fever, and the symptoms of a serious illness, which is sometimes mistaken for acute rheumatism or typhoid fever. If the patient does not die, by degrees he returns to his proper state of health when the trichinæ are imprisoned in the muscles. It may be imagined that when thousands of these little creatures are piercing their way in long furrows through the different organs, dividing and dragging the fibres, that very severe irritation and inflammable phenomena will appear; but when the migration is completed no one would know that he was the prey of myriads of creatures.

The suffering which the trichinæ produce, and the fatal effects which are occasionally the consequence, the absence of any known remedy, and the facility with which the disease may be contracted, have inspired many people with a legitimate dread. This fear, which is quite justified in Germany, need not gain ground in other countries. The rarity of the trichinæ in the United States arises from the difference of our culinary habits from that of the Germans: the flesh of raw pork is not in use among us, and our mode

of cooking entirely destroys the trichinæ. Besides this, the larva dies a natural death after six weeks or two months of keeping; and the salting or smoking process materially hastens it. But even in Germany the danger may be exaggerated. The larva is the only agent in its transmission, and how many obstacles prevent its propagation: imprisoned in its cell, from which it can not issue spontaneously or propagate its species, it inevitably perishes, unless taken into another animal's stomach. Neither birds, fishes, reptiles, nor invertebrate animals can give it life: only among the mammiferous classes does it find a home, and of these we must except all great flesh-eaters, and certainly all herbivorous animals. We can only receive it from the pig, and the pig is not likely to eat any thing but the cat, the rat, and the mouse; for wild animals subject to the disease are not to be found in the farmstead, and it would be a rare case if their flesh were eaten by the pig. And this being the only mode of trichinal infection, its circle must long remain a very restricted one. Cats and mice do not emigrate far, and therefore it could only be to the neighbor farms that they could transport the parasites attached to their flesh. It can not invade distant countries, like pestilence or cholera, with its subtile and invisible miasma; nor even like the worm of Medina, whose dried larva may be carried in the sand of the desert by a whirlwind, or transported into distant countries by large streams. These considerations may suffice to re-assure the timid spirits who have feared so serious a disease.

It is possible, by very simple means, to cause the entire disappearance of the trichinæ from the places where they exist. The dead bodies of all animals which might by chance communicate them to the pig should be carefully buried. In Paris, by means of attention, an analogous result was produced as regards another species. At the close of the last century an epidemic of lumbrical worms appeared very frequently, complicating and increasing the malignity of other diseases. This has entirely disappeared, becoming more and more rare up to 1825. The reason is that the use of filters has become universal, and the worm which was in the water usually drunk could not pass through. If such were the result obtained as regards one of our parasites, by simple hygienic means, the same might be insured for a more dangerous one, when the means of preservation are known, and when public and private interests alike demand it.

BY NIGHT.

GLIMMER of moonlight upon the river,
Glistening shimmer of silvery sheen,
Float from thy fairy-land toward me ever—
Message of love from the huntress-queen;
Clothing with light the tremulous water,
Trellised with ripples of baby waves—
Laughter of heaven, like that of the daughter
Of earth, whose beauty my soul enslaves—
Artemis' message, and Aphrodite's,
Wooing my heart that was won before,
A tremor of love thy delicate light is,
Thy wavelet welcome, my bosom the shore!

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

TWO FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

THERE were a number of bolder achievements Gorman O'Shea would have dared rather than write a note; nor were the cares of the composition the only difficulties of the undertaking. He knew of but one style of correspondence—the report to his commanding officer, and in this he was aided by a formula to be filled up. It was not, then, till after several efforts he succeeded in the following familiar epistle:

"KILGOBBIN CASTLE.

"DEAR AUNT,—Don't blow up or make a rumpus; but if I had not taken the mare and come over here this morning, the rascally police with their search-warrant might have been down upon Mr. Kearney without a warning. They were all stiff and cold enough at first: they are nothing to brag of in the way of cordiality even yet—Dick especially—but they have asked me to stay and dine, and I take it it is the right thing to do. Send me over some things to dress with, and believe me, your affectionate nephew,

"G. O'SHEA.

"I send the mare back, and shall walk home to-morrow morning.

"There's a great Castle swell here, a Mr. Walpole, but I have not made his acquaintance yet, and can tell nothing about him."

Toward a late hour of the afternoon a messenger arrived with an ass-cart and several trunks from O'Shea's Barn, and with the following note:

"DEAR NEPHEW GORMAN,—O'Shea's Barn is not an inn, nor are the horses there at public livery. So much for your information. As you seem fond of 'warnings,' let me give you one, which is, To mind your own affairs in preference to the interests of other people. The family at Kilgobbin are perfectly welcome—so far as I am concerned—to the fascinations of your society at dinner to-day, at breakfast to-morrow, and so on, with such regularity and order as the meals succeed. To which end I have now sent you all the luggage belonging to you here.

"I am, very respectfully, your aunt,
"ELIZABETH O'SHEA."

The quaint, old-fashioned, rugged writing was marked throughout by a certain distinctness and accuracy that betokened care and attention; there was no evidence whatever of haste or passion, and this expression of a serious determination, duly weighed and resolved on, made itself very painfully felt by the young man as he read.

"I am turned out—in plain words, turned out!" said he aloud, as he sat with the letter spread out before him. "It must have been no common quarrel—not a mere coldness between the families—when she resents my coming here in this fashion." That innumerable differences could separate neighbors in Ireland, even persons with the same interests and the same religion, he well knew, and he solaced himself to think how he could get at the source of this disagreement, and what chance there might be of a reconciliation.

Of one thing he felt certain. Whether his aunt were right or wrong, whether tyrant or victim, he knew in his heart all the submission must come from the others. He had only to remember a few of the occasions in life in which he had to entreat his aunt's forgiveness for the injustice she had herself inflicted, to anticipate what humble pie Maurice Kearney must partake of in order to conciliate Miss Betty's favor.

"Meanwhile," he thought, and not only thought, but said, too—"meanwhile, I am on the world."

Up to this, she had allowed him a small yearly income. Father Luke, whose judgment on all things relating to Continental life was unimpeachable, had told her that any thing like the reputation of being well off or connected with wealthy people would lead a young man into ruin in the Austrian service; that with a sum of 3000 francs per annum—about £120—he would be in possession of something like the double of his pay, or rather more, and that with this he would be enabled to have all the necessaries and many of the comforts of his station, and still not be a mark for that high play and reckless style of living that certain young Hungarians of family and large fortune affected; and so far the priest was correct, for the young Gorman was wasteful and extravagant from disposition, and his quarter's allowance disappeared almost when it came. His money out, he fell back at once to the penurious habits of the poorest subaltern about him, and lived on his florin-and-half per diem till his resources came round again. He hoped—of course he hoped—that this momentary fit of temper would not extend to stopping his allowance.

"She knows as well as any one," muttered he, "that though the baker's son from Prague, or the Amtmann's nephew from a Bavarian Dorf, may manage to 'come through' with his pay, the young Englishman can not. I can neither piece my own overalls, nor forswear stockings, nor can I persuade my stomach that it has had a full meal by tightening my girth-strap three or four holes.

"I'd go down to the ranks to-morrow rather than live that life of struggle and contrivance, that reduces a man to playing a dreary game with himself, by which, while he feeds like a pauper, he has to fancy he felt like a gentleman. No, no; I'll none of this. Scores of better men have served in the ranks. I'll just change my regiment. By a lucky chance, I don't know a man in the Walmoden Cuirassiers. I'll join them, and nobody will ever be the wiser."

There is a class of men who go through life building very small castles, and are no more discouraged by the frailty of the architecture than is a child with his toy-house. This was Gorman's case; and now that he had found a solution of his difficulties in the Walmoden Cuirassiers, he really dressed for dinner in very tolerable spirits. "It's droll enough," thought he, "to go down to dine among all these 'swells,' and to think that the fellow behind my chair is better off than myself." The very uncertainty of his fate supplied excitement to his spirits, for it is among the privileges of the young that mere flurry can be pleasurable.

When Gorman reached the drawing-room he found only one person. This was a young man in a shooting-coat, who, deep in the recess of a comfortable arm-chair, sat with *The Times* at his feet, and to all appearance as if half dozing.

He looked around, however, as young O'Shea came forward, and said, carelessly, "I suppose it's time to go and dress—if I could."

O'Shea making no reply, the other added, "That is, if I have not overslept dinner altogether."

"I hope not, sincerely," rejoined the other, "or I shall be a partner in the misfortune."

"Ah, you're the Austrian," said Walpole, as he stuck his glass in his eye and surveyed him.

"Yes; and you are the private secretary of the Governor."

"Only we don't call him Governor. We say Viceroy here."

"With all my heart, Viceroy be it."

There was a pause now, each, as it were, standing on his guard to resent any liberty of the other. At last Walpole said, "I don't think you were in the house when that stupid stipendiary fellow called here this morning?"

"No; I was strolling across the fields. He came with the police, I suppose?"

"Yes, he came on the track of some Fenian leader—a droll thought enough any where out of Ireland to search for a rebel under a magistrate's roof; not but there was something still more Irish in the incident."

"How was that?" asked O'Shea, eagerly.

"I chanced to be out walking with the ladies when the escort came; and as they failed to find the man they were after, they proceeded to make diligent search for his papers and letters. That taste for practical joking that seems an instinct in this country, suggested to Mr. Kearney to direct the fellows to my room; and what do you think they have done? Carried off bodily all my baggage, and left me with nothing but the clothes I'm wearing!"

"What a lark!" cried O'Shea, laughing.

"Yes, I take it that is the national way to look at these things; but that passion for absurdity and for ludicrous situations has not the same hold on us English."

"I know that. You are too well off to be droll."

"Not exactly that; but when we want to laugh we go to the 'Adelphi.'"

"Heaven help you if you have to pay people to make fun for you!"

Before Walpole could make rejoinder, the door opened to admit the ladies, closely followed by Mr. Kearney and Dick.

"Not mine the fault if I disgrace your dinner-table by such a costume as this," cried Walpole.

"I'd have given twenty pounds if they'd have carried off yourself as the rebel!" said the old man, shaking with laughter. "But there's the soup on the table. Take my niece, Mr. Walpole. Gorman, give your arm to my daughter. Dick and I will bring up the rear."

CHAPTER XLII.

AN EVENING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE fatalism of youth, unlike that of age, is all rose-colored. That which is coming, and is decreed to come, can not be very disagreeable. This is the theory of the young, and differs terribly from the experiences of after-life. Gorman O'Shea had gone to dinner with about as heavy a misfortune as could well befall him, so far as his future in life was concerned. All he looked forward to and hoped for was lost to him: the aunt who, for so many years, had stood to him in place of all family, had suddenly thrown him off, and declared that she would see him no more; the allowance she had hitherto given him withdrawn, it was impossible he could continue to hold his place in his regiment. Should he determine not to return, it was desertion; should he go back, it must be to declare that he was a ruined man, and could only serve in the ranks. These were the thoughts he revolved while he dressed for dinner, and dressed, let it be owned, with peculiar care; but when the task had been accomplished, and he descended to the drawing-room, such was the elasticity of his young temperament, every thought of coming evil was merged in the sense of present enjoyment, and the merry laughter which he overheard as he opened the door obliterated all notion that life had any thing before him except what was agreeable and pleasant.

"We want to know if you play croquet, Mr. O'Shea?" said Nina as he entered. "And we want also to know, are you a captain, or a drill-master, or a major? You can scarcely be a colonel."

"Your last guess I answer first. I am only a lieutenant, and even that very lately. As to croquet, if it be not your foreign mode of pronouncing cricket, I never even saw it."

"It is not my foreign mode of pronouncing cricket, Herr Lieutenant," said she, pertly, "but I guessed already you had never heard of it."

"It is an out-of-door affair," said Dick, indolently, "made for the diffusion of worked petticoats and Balmoral boots."

"I should say it is the game of billiards brought down to universal suffrage and the million," lisped out Walpole.

"Faith," cried old Kearney, "I'd say it was just foot-ball with a stick."

"At all events," said Kate, "we purpose to have a grand match to-morrow. Mr. Walpole and I are against Nina and Dick, and we are to draw lots for you, Mr. O'Shea."

"My position, if I understand it aright, is not a flattering one," said he, laughing.

"We'll take him," cried Nina at once. "I'll give him a private lesson in the morning, and I'll answer for his performance. These creatures," added she, in a whisper, "are so drilled in Austria, you can teach them any thing."

Now, as the words were spoken, Gorman caught them, and drawing close to her—"I do hope I'll justify that flattering opinion." But her only recognition was a look of half-defiant astonishment at his boldness.

A very noisy discussion now ensued as to whether croquet was worthy to be called a game or not, and what were its laws and rules—points which Gorman followed with due attention, but very little profit; all Kate's good sense and clearness being cruelly dashed by Nina's ingenious interruptions, and Walpole's attempts to be smart and witty, even where opportunity scarcely offered the chance.

"Next to looking on at the game," cried old Kearney at last, "the most tiresome thing I know of is to hear it talked over. Come, Nina, and give me a song."

"What shall it be, uncle?" said she, as she opened the piano.

"Something Irish I'd say, if I were to choose for myself. We've plenty of old tunes, Mr. Walpole," said Kearney, turning to that gentleman, "that rebellion, as you call it, has never got hold of. There's 'Cushla Macree' and the 'Cailan deas cruidhte na Mbo.'"

"Very like hard swearing that," said Walpole to Nina; but his simper and his soft accent were only met by a cold blank look, as though she had not understood his liberty in addressing her. Indeed, in her distant manner and even repelling coldness, there was what might have disconcerted any composure less consummate than his own. It was, however, evidently Walpole's aim to assume that she felt her relation toward him, and not altogether without some cause; while she, on her part, desired to repel the insinuation by a show of utter indifference. She would willingly, in this contingency, have encouraged her cousin, Dick Kearney, and even led him on to little displays of attention; but Dick held aloof, as though not knowing the meaning of this favorable turn toward him. He would not be cheated by coquetry. How many men are of this temper, and who never understand that it is by surrendering ourselves to numberless little voluntary deceptions of this sort, we arrive at intimacies the most real and most truthful.

She next tried Gorman, and here her success was complete. All those womanly prettinesses, which are so many modes of displaying graceful attraction of voice, look, gesture, or attitude, were especially dear to him. Not only they gave beauty its chief charm, but they constituted a sort of game whose address was quickness of eye, readiness of perception, prompt reply, and that refined tact that can follow out one thought in a conversation just as you follow a melody through a mass of variations.

Perhaps the young soldier did not yield himself the less readily to these captivations that Kate Kearney's manner toward him was studiously cold and ceremonious.

"The other girl is more like the old friend," muttered he, as he chatted on with her about Rome, and Florence, and Venice, imperceptibly gliding into the language which the names of places suggested.

"If any had told me that I ever could have talked thus freely and openly with an Austrian soldier I'd not have believed him," said she at length, "for all my sympathies in Italy were with the National party."

"But we were not 'the Barbari' in your recollection, mademoiselle," said he. "We were out of Italy before you could have any feeling for either party."

"The tradition of all your cruelties has survived you; and I am sure if you were wearing your white coat still, I'd hate you."

"You are giving me another reason to ask for a longer leave of absence," said he, bowing courteously.

"And this leave of yours, how long does it last?"

"I am afraid to own to myself. Wednesday fortnight is the end of it; that is, it gives me four days after that to reach Vienna."

"And, presenting yourself in humble guise before your Colonel, to say, 'Ich melde mich gehorsamst.'"

"Not exactly that, but something like it."

"I'll be the Herr Oberst Lieutenant," said she, laughing; "so come forward now, and clap your heels together, and let us hear how you utter your few syllables in true abject fashion. I'll sit here and receive you." As she spoke she threw herself into an arm-chair, and, assuming a look of intense hauteur and defiance, affected to stroke an imaginary mustache with one hand, while with the other she waved a haughty gesture of welcome.

"I have outstaid my leave," muttered Gorman, in a tremulous tone. "I hope my Colonel, with that bland mercy which characterizes him, will forgive my fault, and let me ask his pardon." And with this, he knelt down on one knee before her and kissed her hand.

"What liberties are these, Sir?" cried she, so angrily that it was not easy to say whether the anger was not real.

"It is the latest rule introduced into our service," said he, with mock humility.

"Is that a comedy they are acting yonder," said Walpole, "or is it a proverb?"

"Whatever the drama," replied Kate, coldly, "I don't think they want a public."

"You may go back to your duty, Herr Lieutenant," said Nina, proudly, and with a significant glance toward Kate. "Indeed, I suspect you have been rather neglecting it of late." And with this she sailed majestically away toward the end of the room.

"I wish I could provoke even that much of jealousy from the other," muttered Gorman to himself, as he bit his lip in passion. And certainly, if a look and manner of calm unconcern meant any thing, there was little that seemed less likely.

"I am glad you are going to the piano, Nina," said Kate. "Mr. Walpole has been asking me by what artifice you could be induced to sing something of Mendelssohn."

"I am going to sing an Irish ballad for that Austrian patriot who, like his national poet, thinks 'Ireland a beautiful country to live out of.'" Though a haughty toss of her head accompanied these words, there was a glance in her eye toward Gorman that plainly invited a renewal of their half-flirting hostilities.

"When I left it, *you* had not been here," said he, with an obsequious tone, and an air of deference only too marked in its courtesy.

A slight, very faint blush on her cheek showed that she rather resented than accepted the flattery; but she appeared to be occupied in looking through the music-books, and made no rejoinder.

"We want Mendelssohn, Nina," said Kate.

"Or at least Spohr," added Walpole.

"I never accept dictation about what I sing," muttered Nina, only loud enough to be overheard by Gorman. "People don't tell you what theme you are to talk on; they don't presume to say, 'Be serious, or be witty.' They don't tell you to come to the aid of their sluggish natures by passion, or to dispel their dreariness by flights of fancy; and why are they to dare all this to us who speak through song?"

"Just because you alone can do these things," said Gorman, in the same low voice as she had spoken in.

"Can I help you in your search, dearest?"